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THE

WHIGS SUPPLICATION

OR, THE

SCOTS HUDIBRAS.

A

MOCK POEM.

IN TWO PARTS.

BY SAMUEL COLVIL.

ENRICHED WITH A COLLECTION OF SUPERB ENGRAVIN

ST. ANDREWS:

PRINTED BY AND FOR JAMES MORISON,
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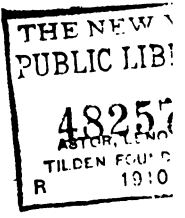
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THE

AUTHOR'S APOLOGY

TO THE

READER.

CHRISTIAN READER!

VERSES are like ladies faces, good or bad as they are fancied, ſaith Don Quixote; and Mock Poems which bite not, are like eggs eaten without ſalt, ſaith another of the ſame metal; that is, whoſe tongue was a great deal wiſer than his head.

IN theſe following lines I am more tart to none than myſelf: and therefore I may be excuſed, if I tell in rhyme how ſome uſed me in proſe: I ſpeak truth, which is expedient to be known, and therefore no lawyer will aver I tranſgreſs the law.

WITH all the world beſide, I am like a blind man dealing blows, not knowing whom I hit: If any ſhall challenge me that I touch them, I will anſwer, that I

who, ſtealing copies of my lines, h
every where, like pictures on the
hangings, ſpoiled with thrumbs a
faces disfigured by the pox, great o
or like ſermons repeated by childr
in a Preſbyterian family-exerciſe;
Andrews' Sermons, repreached
expectant in his Epiſcopal trial fc

I AM, ſecondly, wronged by fa
by men either malicious, to brin
ignorant, not apprehending my ſc
mending my lines, have marred
ſtriving to pull me out of the mi
into the well, not to waſh me, b
into the fire, not to dry me, but

THOSE brandy interpreters may be compared to children eſpying ſhapes and figures in the fire; or to thoſe who are giddy with drink, imagining apparitions in the clouds; or to old wives commenting on Merlin's or Rymer's prophecies; or to bad divines expounding the Revelation, who obtrude groundleſs fancies upon the ignorant multitude for evangelical truths.

IF thoſe gentlemen hit my meaning, any cenſure is too little for me: if not, no puniſhment is too great for them; and that for two reaſons:

FIRST, becauſe they apply paſſages of my lines to men of honour, of whom (God is my witneſs) I did not dream. Secondly, becauſe they made the world believe I am biting thoſe whoſe wounds I am licking, given by the biting of other dogs.

THESE things conſidered, it is eaſy to anſwer all which is objected againſt me. And firſt, ſome of the Society of Gotham College had an intention to burn my lines, becauſe I bring in Whigs ſpeaking too boldly in the Supplication, and elſewhere. But I anſwer, if thoſe gentlemen ſpeak as they think, I commend their zeal, but not their wiſdom; and whoever ſhall take the pains to burn them for witches, will loſe both coals and labour. I demand of them, if one ſhould pen a play of the powder-plot, and bring in the conſpirators.

ignorants, know ... ...
to perſonate a diſcourſe, that is,
ſpeaking treaſon, and atheiſts blaſ
may not I, a poetaſter, or poet's a
ſpeaking fooliſhly, and wiſe men w
neither a wiſe man nor a fool myſ
neither, I muſt either be a mixed
thing. And in effect ſome call n
others nothing: But ſince thoſe wh
are highly offended at me, they mu
feſs they are offended at nothing:
table to them, I think they are ſom
of thing it is all the world knowe
it is worſe than nothing.

THEY object, ſecondly, that, w
have impoſed a grievous taxation
exacting five dollars for every c

or thoſe lines, until ſome known bitter enemies to the Preſbyterians enforced each of them five dollars on me or a copy: they told me I might as well take money or rhyme, as miniſters and lawyers for proſe, and hyſicians for nothing, and worſe than nothing. Some leading, preaching, and curing, it is true, deſerves noney a great deal better than my lines: but it is as rue, that ſome of all three deſerves it worſe. If my ines do no good, they do no hurt to the ſouls, bodies, r eſtates of any.

Secondly, I demand money of no man; yea, I efuſe it when it is offered not in jeſt, until they ake it appear they offer it in earneſt, which they do any ways. Some throw money on the ground; ſome n the table; ſome tell they will have none of my nes, except I take their money; ſome ſay I under-alue them when I refuſe their money; ſome ſay they re abler to give me money than I am to want it; me bid devil break their neck if I take not their oney; ſome bid God damn them if I take not their oney; yea I can inſtruct, that a Sea Captain offered ſtrike off my head with a ſhable if I refuſed his oney: but the more moderate put money unawares the pocket of my coat, which many think I keep buttoned on purpoſe. Miſtake me not, Reader; I n not inſtructing how money ſhould be offered, but ow it ſhould not be offered, leſt I take it.

THIRDLY, that I am not avaricious appears by my vowing to take no money from miniſters and ladies; but they ſay I take gold. But I anſwer, they eluded my vow by equivocation, putting gold unawares in the neck of my doublet, and then run away, and I following to reſtore it, ſtumbled. They inſtance I ſtumbled on purpoſe that I might not reach them: But they are ſtill miſtaken; for a lady having uſed me ſo, I followed her to her chamber, and when I endeavoured to return her gold to her pocket, her maid miſtaking my meaning, thinking perhaps I was ſearching for the wrong pocket, taxed me of incivility; ſo I was neceſſitated either to keep her gold, or elſe be thought uncivil to a lady: let any indifferent man judge which was the leaſt of two evils. However, Reader, tempt me not with gold, except thou be in earneſt. It dazzleth the eyes of the wiſe, and therefore no marvel it blind thoſe of a fool.

THE third objection againſt me, is, that ſome affirm I am a bad poet. But I anſwer, that nothing can more offend a poet and a fiddler, than telling them they want ſkill, if in effect they be unſkilful as I am: And, therefore, no marvel if I reply in a fury, that it is moſt true that I am a bad poet; and yet they a notorious liars in averring it, becauſe they do ſo out malice, not knowing whether they ſpeak true or fal All the world knoweth they never made a grea

progreſs in poeſy than the making of an ale-houſe roundelay, and that a bad one. It were baſe in me to upbraid them with want of ſkill in their own profeſſions, in which they brag they have ſuch inſight: As to one of them, a phyſician, that he took the piſs of a ſton'd horſe for that of a woman with child: to another, a mineraliſt, who laid a wager of ten dollars, a piece of brimſtone was a piece of ſilver: to a third, a palmiſter, to whom when a boy in girl's apparel was brought in to him to have his hand viewed, ſuperciliouſly pronounced, the girl would have three huſbands, bring forth nine children, and die of the tenth. It were moſt baſe in me to tell them they are fit for nothing, except ſome will take them on to be taſters of drink; neither are they fit for that but in the morning; for in the afternoon many times they are in the category of plants, that is, without ſenſe and reaſon, having the uſe of no ſoul but the vegetative. I could inſtance other things of that nature, but I forbear leſt the perſons be diſcovered.

Secondly, to be a bad poet may well be a ſhame, it is no ſin; neither is it a ſhame for me in this firſt eſſay; withal my intention is to make men laugh, and not to vex them: but bad lines many times cauſeth more mirth than good ones. Where one laughs at the poems of Virgil, Homer, Arioſto, Du Bartas, &c. twenty will laugh at the poems of John Cockburn, or

Mr. Zachary Boyd. What hypochondriac would n preſently be cured at the reading of thoſe lines!

There was a man called Job,
Dwelt in the land of Uz,
He had a good gift of the gob,
The ſame caſe happen us.

Or of thoſe:

Abſalom hanged on a tree,
Crying God's mercy:
Then Joab came in, angry was he,
And put a ſpear in his arſie.

Or thoſe of John Cockburn:

Samuel was ſent to France,
To learn to ſing and dance,
And play upon a fiddle:
Now he's a man of great eſteem,
His mother got him in a dream,
At Culroſs on a girdle.

For my part, if I were a great man, I would ſoor give gold for ſuch lines, than copper for all the herc oracles of Seneca's Tragedies.

If any have more to object, let them impart it to me: and if I cannot excuse myself in reason, I am willing to satisfy the law. I think it very strange that some grave and reverend men should so wrong their conscience to traduce me, since without hurting their conscience they may speak so much evil of me, and not lie, as I may likewise do of them.

In the end I give the argument of a second part, which will prove as harmless as a whitred without teeth, except some will be pleased to call ears horns.

One word more, Reader, and I shall trouble thee no further: when thou hast perused my lines, and found them a cheat, it cannot but vex thee that thou hast bestowed thy money to no purpose. But I entreat thee to consider, that the only remedy is to conceal the cheat, by commending still my lines to others, that thou may laugh when they shall be cheated as well as thyself: in doing of which thou shalt be a more Christian liar than those who undervalue my lines, albeit they understand them no more than they do the prophet Ezekiel, as appears by their commentaries on that prophet, ready for the press, if they were once dead.

Farewell,

SAMUEL COLVIL.

SCOTS HUDIBRASS.

Then he a Multitude espies
Approaching him with Shouts and Cries,
He leaves his Victuals, falls a gazing,
Just like a Tupp when he's a grazing.

Drawn by R. Corbould. Perth Printed for Morison & Son, April 1. 1797. Engraved by C. Warren, London

THE

WHIGS SUPPLICATION.

A

MOCK POEM.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.

AFTER invoking of the muſe,
As many learned poets uſe:
Next is deſcrib'd the time of year
When Whigs in armour did appear:
The *Good-man*'s perſon, and his weed,
His armour, lady, ſquire, and ſteed,
Dog, and pigeon, and his mind,
All allegories, where ye find
Cloth'd with many a ſenſeleſs word,
Myſterious things not worth a t——;
As ſaid one in a rev'rend coat,
Or elſe he underſtood them not.

As lately when he Scripture-vext,
He forc'd was to ſay off his text:
And then ye have a Supplication
Greatly miſconſtru'd of the nation:
At firſt they diſpute how to mend it;
And then adviſe by whom to ſend it:
Where Knight and Squire each other tl
As did De Ruyter and Van Trump.

Whoe'er thou art, Muſe, who doſt m
By force of brandy, ale, and ſack,
Some who both words and matter want
Admired of the ignorant:
In whom ſagacious noſes ſnuff;
Nought worth but plagiary ſtuff,
By which they purchaſe praiſe and mon
(When bees have toil'd, drones eat the
Inſpire me with poetic fury,
That I may likewiſe favour curry:
With all men to augment my pack,
By making lines not worth a plack:
Some of eight ſyllabs, ſome of ten,
Some borrowed from other men,
As Cleveland, Donne, or Taſs divine;
Some ill tranſlated from Marine;
Some Oedipus cannot unriddle;
Some ſounding like a blind man's fiddle
Obſerving neither tune nor time;
Some nonſenſe to make up the rhyme.

Though I ſpeak true, or falſe, no matter;
If I traduce, ſome others flatter.
So ſundry men were us'd of late,
As they were on or off the ſtate.
Grant that I may curb all backbiters
Of ſurplice, high-ſleev'd gowns, and mitres,
And church-governing paradoxes,
Of Calvin's followers, and Knoxes;
In myſtic allegoric tone,
Scarce underſtood by any one.
Grant me to ſcold, revile, and prat,
Shame fall me if myſelf knows what.
When rhyme burſts out from breaſt enrag'd;
Like t—— from puddings overcharg'd;
Some galling, other ſome to laughter
Moving, like parrot when its taught her.
Hoping my prayer thou wilt hear,
O muſe! Have at the time of year,
When Whigs from lurking holes did ſally,
And in the open fields did rally.

It was about the time when oyſters
Abound ſo with venereous moiſtures,
That they are uſed even and morn
By thoſe that do their neighbour horn,
Which doth their prices ſo enhance,
At England's court and that of France,
That oyſter-wives have money ready,
To make their daughter ſometime lady;

As doth appear by one of late,
Whoſe ſon-in-law bore ſway in ſtate.
When ſnow makes dikes and mountains white,
When folks by phyſic ſeldom ſh—,
Except there be ſome pocky reaſon;
When mutton weareth out of ſeaſon,
Inſtead of which at ev'ry meal,
When men eat roaſted hens and veal;
And thoſe at Forth eat Garvie fiſhes,
Then fitteſt to be ſerv'd in diſhes,
Which to the palate pleaſing proves,
Like Adriatic Gulf anchoves.
When that the black-bird hoarſely whiſtles,
When trouts and Abercorn muſcles
Are ſtark nought; when that the ſwallow
Lies ſleeping in her own tallow,
Within ſome ſubterranean hole;
When under the Antarctic pole
There is no night, under our other
A man cannot diſcern his brother,
It is ſo dark; when ſummers heats
Scorches the Magellanic Straights,
And burneth up the corn and hay
About the *Caput Bonae Spei:*
If that be tedious to remember,
It was in Januar or December,
When I did ſee the out-law Whigs
Lie ſcatter'd up and down the riggs.

Some had hoggars, ſome ſtraw boots,
Some uncover'd legs and coots:
Some had halberds, ſome had durks,
Some had crooked ſwords like Turks:
Some had ſlings, ſome had flails,
Knit with eel and oxen tails:
Some had ſpears, ſome had pikes,
Some had ſpades which delved dikes:
Some had guns with ruſty ratches,
Some had firy peats for matches:
Some had bows, but wanted arrows,
Some had piſtols without marrows:
Some had the coulter of a plough,
Some ſcythes had men and horſe to hough:
And ſome with a Lochaber axe,
Reſolv'd to give *Dalzel* his paiks.
Some had croſs-bows, ſome were ſlingers,
Some had only knives and whingers:
But moſt of all, believe who liſts,
Had nought to fight with but their fiſts.
They had no colours to diſplay,
They wanted order and array.
Their *officers* and *motion-teachers*,
Were very few beſide their preachers.
Without horſe or artil'ry-pieces,
They thought to imitate the Swiſſes:
When from Navarre they ſally'd out,
Tremovile and brave *Trivulce* to rout.

For martial muſic, ev'ry day
They uſed oft to ſing and pray;
Which hearts them more when danger c
Than others trumpets and their drums.
With ſuch proviſion as they had,
They were ſo ſtout, or elſe ſo mad,
As to petition once again;
And if the iſſue proved vain,
They were reſolv'd, with one accord,
To fight the battles of the Lord.
Upon their head march'd the *Good-ma*
Like *Scanderbeg* or *Tamerlane*.
Dame Nature ſtrain'd her utmoſt care,
To mould him for a man of war;
A terrible and dreadful foe,
As doth appear from top to toe.
The ſhape and faſhion of his head,
Was like a cone or pyramid:
Or for to ſpeak in terms more groſſ,
It was juſt like a ſugar loaf:
Or like the head of *Rob* the cripple,
Or like the ſpear of Magdalen ſteeple:
Or like the bottom of a tap,
Or like a furr'd Muſcovia cap.
They who the ſouth-eaſt countries haunt
Affirm ſuch heads have Turkiſh ſaints;
Which as ſome learned writers notes
Are here with us call'd idiots.

Becauſe long hair the wit doth lull,
Nought was between heav'n and his ſkull:
His ears were long and ſtood upright,
Which did ſo well become the knight,
That at ſome diſtance he ſeem'd horn'd,
His one eye was with pearl adorn'd;
His other eye look'd ſo a-ſquint,
That it was hard to ward his dint.
From thence down to his mouth aroſe,
A mountain rather than a noſe;
Upon which ſavage beaſts did feed,
As worms and ſelkhorns, which with ſpeed
Would eat it up; but he begins
In time to pick them out with pins.
His lips were thick, his mouth was wide,
His teeth each other did beſtride;
His tongue was big, though well he meant,
He was not very eloquent.
His beard was long, and red, and thin,
Making a ball-green on his chin;
As trees do ſome time in a wood,
Where horſe and oxen gather food.
His arms were ſtiff like barrow-trams,
His hands were hued like reiſted hams.
At finger-ends he never fails
To have the King of Babel's nails,
Which ſooner than a knife by half,
Will cut the throat of ſheep or calf.

Which multiplieth ev'ry day,
Having ſome added to its way.
Their entry to that church is fine,
They re-baptiſe them all with wine;
Which their apoſtles think far better
To waſh away men's ſins, than water.
Now all's deſcrib'd to feet and toes,
Which I could not ſee for his ſhoes.
Some ſay his toes, who ſaw his feet,
Reſembled an alphabet,
Greek, Syriac, or Arabic,
Or breviations ſtenographic;
Which they do counterfeit like apes,
With great variety of ſhapes.
You may believe it as your creed,
Such was his armour and his weed.
He wore a pair of pullion breeches,
A yellow doublet with blue ſtitches;
A long black caſſock o'er his a—,
As he had been the fool of Mars.
He had on each leg a gramaſh,
A top of lint for his panaſh,
Which bravely flouriſh'd in his creſt;
A folded cloak for back and breaſt,
A glove of plate, which once was worn
By black *Douglas* at Bannockburn.
For head-piece, a cowl lin'd with iron,
Which did his temples ſo environ,

That it would coſt a world of pains
For any to beat out his brains.
A blunderbuſh hung at his back,
Of terrible report and crack,
As have a lower tier of guns,
Shot from a ſhip of many tuns.
A horſe he never doth beſtride,
Without a piſtol at each ſide:
And without other two before,
One at either ſaddle tore.
But now when he hath much ado,
He hath one in each pocket too.
A ſword which woundeth deep and wide,
A target of a ſeven-fold hide:
A very ſtrange enchanted lance,
Whoſe touch makes men from ſaddle dance:
As ſometimes of old did another,
Belonging to *Angelique*'s brother,
And after to the Engliſh duke,
As mentions *Arioſto*'s book:
And thus with more arms he doth ride,
Than other twenty had beſide.
Whether he gain the day or tine,
He never miſſeth to kill nine;
As doth appear to all who reckons
Juſtly the number of his weapons.
Among ten thouſand all alone,
With ev'ry weapon he kills one.

... knife or dagger
Except they come in wreſtling t
Permitted by the laws of arms.
The laws of knighthood he doth
Not killing men like calves or ſh
I aſk'd at ſev'ral who he was?
Some ſaid he was *Sir Hudibras*,
Deceived by his bulky paunch t
Some ſaid *Don Quixote de la Ma*
Which was more like than was th
In many things he was his brothe
Firſt, in his head were many fa
Bred by the reading of romances.
He thought before the day of doo
The Covenanters would burn Ron
And trample down the Man of Si
He thought the work he would be
And to the glory of his nation,
Accompliſh all the *Revelation*;
Prat what they pleaſe in Poniſh fo

They aim'd at reconciliation,
Between the Pope and ev'ry nation.
All other things they could pack up,
If ye take not from them the cup;
And they had reaſon, for in truth
Some think they had a burning drouth.
Next, like *Don Quixote*, ſome ſuppoſe
He had a lady *Del To-Boſe*,
Who never budged from his ſide,
Upon a pair of ſodds aſtride:
By whoſe ſole induſtry and care,
He manag'd all the Holy war.
We read in greateſt warriors lives,
They oft were ruled by their wives.
The world's conqu'ror, *Alexander*,
Obey'd a lady, his commander;
And *Anthony* that drunkard keen,
Was rul'd by his laſcivious queen.
King Arthur for his wife's ſake,
Wink'd at *Lancelot Du Lake*;
Though to his opprobry and ſcorn,
He cheriſh'd one himſelf to horn.
They ſay, that now are many others,
Who in that caſe are *Arthur*'s brothers.
So the imperious *Roxalan*,
Made the Great Turk *John Thomſon*'s man.
Another warrior all his life,
Was alſo ruled by his wife:

Albeit before their death aroſe,
Some ſtrife between them for her poſe.
Thirdly, like *Quixote*, he a ſquire
Had *Sancho* call'd, to whet his ire,
When in a fury he did wreſtle
With giant, or enchanted caſtle:
Or like *Don Quixote* with wind-mills,
Or with *Dalzel* at Pentland hills:
Or when like *Perſeus* he was ready
To fight a monſter for a lady:
Being victorious in the ſtrife,
He ſtill refus'd the nymph to wife;
And that with ſuch a modeſt grace,
As Fame's knight did the heir of Thrac
To which ſquire the bounteous knight
Promis'd either Man or Wight,
Guernſey or Jerſey, or ſome iſle,
With a lord-governor's ſtyle,
When he ſhould beat his foes aſunder,
And bring the whore of Babel under.
Laſtly, on *Quixote*'s Roſinant
He rode, who took the *Covenant*.
As many think, none of the nation
Could make him take the *Declaration*.
Some endeavour'd to have the horſe
Proclaimed rebel from the croſs;
Which though they did with open throat
The horſe eats ſtill his hay and oats,

Not dreaming that in any thing
He country did offend, or king.
The wiſeſt lawyers of the nation
Advis'd him to make appellation;
Becauſe it was againſt all reaſon,
To condemn a beaſt for treaſon;
Which reaſon at a tippling can,
Had ſav'd his maſter, the *Good-man*.
If after his rebellious journey,
He had met with a king's attorney,
Who could by law and reaſon ſhow,
He greater beaſt was of the two:
Or with another, who for riches,
Stood for inceſtuous whores and witches;
Or any other whom ye liſt,
So they did well anoint his fiſt.
Beſide his horſe he had a dog,
So us'd to traverſe hill and bog,
That he became of ſcent ſo clever,
As to miſs neither hare nor plover.
He turns himſelf in horſe or hog,
As *Monſieur* did *Agrippa*'s dog;
To find by his ſagacious noſe,
The counterplotting of his foes,
He treads the back ſcent, brings a glove,
And carries letters to his love:
He is a fierce dog, yet moſt civil,
Kills fiſh, whoſe liver frights the devil.

Dog, and pigeon; for his mind,
He leaves all mortals far behind.
All things created he doth know,
In heav'n above, and earth below:
He ſolves the queſtions ev'ry one,
That *Sheba's Queen* aſk'd *Solomon*;
Or any other knotty doubt
That can occur the world throughout.
Neither doth he prat and babble,
Like *Pliny* painting out a fable.
At firſt he makes a clear narration,
And then backs all by demonſtration.
He knows whether the Great Mogul
Doth drink out of his father's ſkull;
Or if he makes a chamber-pot
Of that of king of Calecut.
If it be prov'd by any man,
That he is come of *Tamerlan?*
Or if he keeps tobacco cut,
In tortoiſe-ſhell or cocoa-nut?
If the balm and frankincenſe keepers,
By rattling drive away the vipers?
Which with ſuch ardour haunts thoſe tr
As with us garden flow'rs do bees:
Or if they do thoſe ſerpents choke,
As eaſterlings their bees do ſmoke?
Which made two great wits, as men thi
Spend too much paper, pen, and ink.

If *ichneumon* and *crocodile*
Do fight in Niger as in Nile?
Or if we ought to believe them,
Who ſay *Melchiſedec* was not *Shem?*
Which raiſed once a fifty ſtrife
Between a preacher and his wife.
If any man yet ever born
Did ſee *phœnix* or *unicorn?*
If there be a *philoſ'pher's ſtone?*
If men who have no leg but *one*,
With broad ſoles, which by tours
Defends their head from ſun and ſhow'rs?
If the emperor *Preſter John*,
Be the offspring of *Solomon?*
If thoſe who lately conquer'd China,
Be the brother's ſons of *Dina?*
Who to thoſe north-eaſt parts were turn'd,
When Aſſur's king Samaria burn'd.
If *Rome's* founders wolves did ſuck?
If *Job* in Edom was a duke?
If *Captain Hynd* was a good fellow?
If *Wallace'* beard was black or yellow?
Which raiſed once a great diſcord
Between a weſtern laird and lord.
If *roaſted* eggs be beſt, or *ſodden?*
If *James* the *Fourth* was kill'd at *Flodden?*
Which made two ſchoolmen borrow ſwords,
That they might fight after big words.

If *ſword* or *ſurfeit* more men kill?
Who had the better at *Edge-hill?*
Which made two ladies other jeer,
A round head and a cavalier:
Both harped ſo on the ſeen ruffle,
That it turn'd to a ſcratch-eye ſcuffle:
At laſt both conclude to agree,
Both of them vowing ſecrecy.
Where meets the brethren of *Croſs Roſie?*
What ſums the Spaniard in *Potoſie*
Gains yearly by their ſilver mines?
Since thirty-eight, who *wins* or *tines?*
He knows the price of jewels and rings,
And hidden cauſes of ſundry things.
As of the compaſs variation,
Of Nile and Niger's inundation.
Why Ireland wanteth *toad* and *ſnake?*
Why ſome men *white*, and ſome men *black?*
Why *regulus' eye* makes men leave breath?
Why *ſpiders* bite them dance to death?
Why men *tarantula* do not fear
But at ſome ſeaſons of the year?
Why *devils muſic* do not pleaſe?
What ſort of thing is *ambergreaſe?*
If iron *magnes*, or it iron
Attract? If ſea or land environ
That frozen great magnetic rock,
Under the pole; where what a clock

There cannot be made any trial,
The one year's half by Phœbus' dial?
By the ſea's motion he doth find
A north-eaſt paſſage to the Ind:
Another he finds by the north-weſt,
Where *Davis* freezed to his reſt;
When icy mountains did occur,
And ſtopt his courſe to Mar del Zur:
But he hath found a brave device,
That he may free thoſe ſeas from ice.
He empties all the water, fyne
He fills the place with brandy-wine,
Which hardly will congeal with froſt,
If whales turn drunk, and fiſhing loſt;
Yet loſe we not by that device,
For whale-oil we get Indian ſpice.
All other ways are but a cheat,
To fetch ſome money from the ſtate.
Its wonder they have ſhark'd ſo much,
Both from the Engliſh and the Dutch.
He prov'd, on peril of his ſoul,
Preſbyterian rule by *Paul.*
He thought none but a fooliſh man
Made Antichriſt the ſon of *Dan;*
He thought by the apoſtles meaning,
Voice negativ, and *ſole ordaining,*
Was the very myſtery
Of Antichriſt's iniquity.

Which near his own time did begin
To usher in the Man of Sin.
He thought if bishops had not been,
A Pope of Rome had ne'er been seen.
But now he thinketh church-government
A thing of small or no concernment;
As ready as any ever born
For bishops, if he had not sworn.
If Dutch and English truth report,
He knows about th' Amboyna sort,
If those two Indian ships were sunk,
And burnt by Dutch when they were drunk
Who first began the war in Guinea?
Where *Holmes* and *Ruyter* play'd at pinie.
If groundless jealousies and fears
Yokes Dutch and English by the ears:
Or if it be the Indian trade
That doth produce effects so sad.
He'll tell in Indian pedlars faces,
We dearly buy their cloves and maces.
The war draws blood and money forth,
More than the Indian trade is worth.
He thinks the war fomented be
By Romish craft and policy,
Which rends the Dutch and us asunder
To bring reform'd religion under.
When both are broken and brought low
Like pitchers by a mutual blow,

Then they'll force up the Pope again,
And make both ſerve the King of Spain:
Who in the Jeſuit's fantaſy
The world's temporal lord will be,
And meagre thoſe who countermine 'em,
The Pope and he will rule between them:
The world in two monarchies,
He with his ſword, he with his keys.
If Dutch and Engliſh Popiſh were,
They would be Popiſh ev'ry where;
So conclave fathers do conclude,
But ſuch conceits do oft delude.
He finds perfect demonſtrations,
The roots of all compos'd equations.
He finds new ways to poiſon cats,
Of mud he ſerpents makes, and rats.
He finds the *longitude* of places,
Makes bag-pipes with concording *baſes*.
He finds two means *proportionals*,
Which great wits ſometimes enthrals.
In virtuoſo's conventicles,
Eccentrics, orbs, and epicycles,
He finds to be fantaſtic *fictions*,
Forg'd to palliate *contradictions*;
Wherewith the late *ſtar-gazers* notions
Have involv'd the planet's motions.
To determine he dare venture,
The ſun to be the world's centre,

To hold the candle in the middle
Infix'd, while to *Pythagoras'* fiddle,
Still firmament with twinkling eyes,
The earth and planets dancing ſees;
He *ſquares*, *circles*, *doubles*, *cubes*,
Makes moſt admirable *tubes*;
If he at Dover through them glance,
He ſees what hours it is in France,
As he hath prov'd by frequent trial,
On ſteeple, clock, and ſunny dial:
He reads with them another while
Letters diſtant twenty mile;
Dutch or Scots I know not whether,
The one is as like as the other.
If once he level at the moon,
Either at midnight or at noon,
He diſcovers *rivers*, *hills*,
Steeples, *caſtles*, and *wind-mills*,
Villages, and *fenced towns*,
With *fuſees*, *bulwarks*, and *great guns*,
Cavaliers on horſe-back prancing,
Maids about a may-pole dancing:
Men in taverns wine carouſing,
Beggars by the high-way louſing,
Soldiers forging ale-houſe brawlings,
To be let go without their lawings.
Stirs in ſtreets by grooms and pages,
Mountebanks playing on ſtages,

Wild boars ſtrouting out their briſtles,
Black-birds ſtriving who beſt whiſtles:
Throats of larks trumpeting day,
Falcons beating down their prey:
Hare and deer croſſing bogs,
Followed at the heels by dogs:
Aſſes braying, lions roaring,
Owls ſcreeching, eagles ſoaring:
Foxes rouſed from their den,
Monkeys imitating men:
Gardens planting, houſes bigging,
States and princes fleets outrigging:
Antic faſhions of apparels,
States and princes picking quarrels:
Wars, rebels, horſe-races
Proclaim'd at ſev'ral market places:
Capers bringing in their prizes,
Commons curſing new exciſes:
Young wives old huſbands horning,
Judges drunk ev'ry morning;
Augmenting law-ſuits and diviſions,
By Spaniſh and by French deciſions:
Courtiers their aims miſſing,
Chaplains widow ladies kiſſing:
Men to ſell their lands itching,
To pay th' expences of their kitchen:
Frequent changes, ſtates invading,
Pulpits forcing and perſuading:

Great jars for cloves and maces,
For biſhops, lordſhips, and their graces:
Lords in ſtews miſſing purſes,
While pages make their ladies nurſes:
Preachers contradicting faſt
This year what they preach'd the laſt;
Making in their conſcience room,
For a change the year to come:
Some ſeeking biſhoprics in vain,
Wiſhing Preſbytery again:
Lawyers counſels at ſuch rates,
That they coſt men their whole eſtates:
What money men put in their hands,
To get half back they give their lands:
Phyſicians cheating young and old,
Making both buy death with gold:
Not vers'd in Æſculapius ways,
Indicative and critic days
They make too late, or elſe too ſoon,
Not knowing the motion of the moon:
Factions in fam'lies and towns,
Ground manur'd by country clowns;
In meadows, corns, grapes, apples,
Outbraving Lombardy and Naples:
Prieſts diſeaſed of the ripples,
Hirpling through the ſtreets like cripples:
Phyſicians ſpoiled by the pox,
Hiding their noſes with their cloaks:

Courtiers cov'ring canker'd feſters,
With curled periwigs and plaſters;
With wax noſes, golden lips,
With paſteboard mending legs and hips;
Uſing all the art they can,
That they may ſeem a pretty man,
And free of blemiſh, like a prieſt
With Urim Thummim on his breaſt:
Ladies ſpeaking ranting words,
Attir'd like men with veſts and ſwords;
With periwigs and long locks,
Some tax'd for dancing in their ſmocks;
Making frivolous excuſes;
Men pretending to the muſes.
Some ſelling drink, ſome ſelling draff,
Some buffoons turn'd to make men laugh:
Some publicans, ſome buſy meddlers,
Some turn'd horſe-coupers, ſome pedlars:
Some challenged for dreadful things,
As ſtealing ſilver ſpoons and rings;
Having us'd many wiles before,
That they might put them to the door.
Sundry philoſophic aſſes,
By dictating, teaching claſſes,
Not taking an account again,
Making boys ſpend their time in vain.
Some diſſipating little mugs,
Containing univerſal drugs:

Phyſicians crying out amain,
Where they cure one, they poiſon ten.
Some getting oyſter boats to dreg,
Some making ſatires for to beg:
Being reduced to thoſe wants
By ſev'ral avaricious ſaints,
Who prov'd on them drinking, whoring,
By ſland'ring, forging, and perjuring.
At laſt, for all their fair pretenſion,
Their quarrel prov'd to be a penſion;
Which having got, then for refuge,
They bribe or cheat a ſilly judge:
Aye purloining, and forbearing,
To ſtop the cauſe from farther hearing.
There was no rem'dy for the evil,
All went headlong to the devil.
That father's ſaying is moſt true,
Penitent clerks are very few:
Ere any ſhame ſhall them betide,
They'll one ſin with another hide.
His tube, in higher planets heaven,
Diſcovers many more than ſeven.
Jove has his guard, with thunder thumps,
To beat down *covenants* and *rumps*:
And *Saturn* has his pages too;
When he meets *Jove* there is ado.
Its good to ſome, and bad to other,
Its never good to all together;

For ſome go up, and ſome go down,
Some gets, and ſome will loſe a crown.
They ſay ſuch things will now appear,
In leſs than three-and-thirty year:
Great change of government will be,
As all affirm beyond the ſea;
But all their practices and wiles,
At this bout will not reach our iſles.
All is confined to the main,
And then it will about again.
We need not break our hearts for ſorrow,
What's ours to-day is theirs to-morrow.
He ſees *Mars* ſending grooms in ire,
To ſet the world below on fire,
Raiſing ſuch fury in mens breaſts,
That generals are made of *prieſts;*
Which them becomes, as all avow,
As well as ſaddle doth a ſow.
He ſees thoſe grooms who *Sun* attends,
Blowing on their burnt finger ends;
Among whom *Mercury* doth ſtand,
Serving the *Sun* with cap in hand.
He hath no dwelling of his own,
But is domeſtic of the *Sun.*
Phœbus and he hath great compaſſion,
On arts now wearing out of faſhion:
Yet ſome will flouriſh they foreſaw,
Romances, and the canon law.

—ough ſome conceal what
His tube once levell'd at
Sundry, yet hid lights doth
Some leſſer ones, and ſome
Between the Bears and Sout
Some on *Pegaſus*'s hoof,
And ſome upon his maſter's
And ſome upon her mother's
And ſome on *Berenice*'s hair;
And ſome upon the *ſerpent*'s
And ſome upon the *eagle*'s wi
And ſome upon the *ram*'s hor
Some on the beard of *Capricor*
And ſome he ſees upon the *Bu*
And ſome upon *Orion*'s ſkull;
And ſome on *Neſſus*' mortal fo
And ſome on *Cancer*'s mickle t
Some on the ſails of

Which Little Bear and Pole entangles;
And ſome he ſees on the *triangles*:
Some on the *harp*, ſome on the *ſwan*,
Some on the *crown*, ſome on the *cran*;
Some on the *whale*, ſome on the *trout*,
And ſome upon the great *dog*'s ſnout;
And ſome upon the *virgin*'s knees,
On *Crinita* between her thighs,
Which makes her bluſh, and turn her look
North-eaſt, upon *Boote*'s dock;
Which the baſe clown regardeth not,
But ſpurns her backward with his foot,
And almoſt lames her on the knee,
Which barb'rous incivility
Is evident to any man,
By the globe of *Vatican*.
And finally, that tract of light
Which we ſee in a froſty night,
And cauſed philoſophic jars,
He finds to be the light of ſtars;
Which juſt ſo ſhining he doth mark,
As haddocks heads do in the dark.
Solve ſev'ral queſtions he can,
Scarce ſolvable by any man:
If number of ſtars be odd or even?
What's beyond the utmoſt heaven?
If ſubſtance of the heav'ns be mix'd?
If ſtars do move in orbs infix'd?

[illegible], since antipodes,
In sunshining, have such odds.
How both sabbaths observation
Jumps with the sabbath of crea
The one and other question
Sorely puzzled Solomon,
In that great dispute that betwe
Was him and that Arabian que
Or Ethiopian, as some other,
Who make her *Prester John*'s n
Against the late star-gazers sc
And *Argolus*' paralogism,
He finds comets are plac'd no w
But in some region of the air.
He finds with admirable speed,
Their parallaxes by a thread.
He finds their eyes perceive not
Or else *dioptrics* make them reel

Of which laſt if he eſpy one,
He bids—let God's ſecrets alone.
He finds both comets and eclipſes,
But pretty fortune-telling gipſies.
The like uncertainty he ſees
In change of *eccentricities*.
But he foreſees by prophets *unction*,
Th' effects of a great *conjunction*.
Before the age begin again,
Spain ſhall have France, or France have Spain;
The monarchy ſhall ſpread no further,
If Dutch and Engliſh hold together:
And though they do, great tribulation
Follows a Gothic inundation,
Spreading from Pomer into Scluſe,
In defence of the Flower-de-luce.
Their mutiny for want of pay,
Proves to the French a diſmal day.
Then Engliſh ſhall ſay, God be thanked,
The French are like fleas in a blanket,
They ſoon ſkipt out as they did in,
Their conqueſt ends ere it begin:
They mar all by unſtable carriage,
As in their old Italian voyage,
When quite forſaken of their helps,
They firſt brought *ſhankers* o'er the Alps.
He doth foreſee another wonder,
Nations in place and hearts aſunder,

What men they are he will not
Leſt ſome think he intends to fl
Then all ſhall be ſerene and clea
And ſaints ſhall reign a thouſand
If not, let it not be forgotten,
To hang him when he's dead an
All doubt much of the Jews c
The manner of the world's everſi
If fire ſhall burn the heav'ns to er
If ſep'rate ſouls their friends reme
If thoſe new reaſons do make goo
The circulation of the blood?
If webs of cloth be made of ſtone
If pox can be chas'd from the bor
If minerals nouriſh as grain?
If rats once dead can live again?
And of ſuch like reſurrections.

If there be ſuch of any nation
Who are not driv'n to deſperation,
Giving to all who them defends
Still foreſt on the finger ends?
Though never wiſer man was born,
He knows not how to dine the morn,
No more than he ſees when ſhall come
The moment of the day of doom.
The Whigs him circled in a ring,
And he ſtood like a nine-pin king:
After a pauſe and a cough,
And ſundry clawings of his hough,
Upon his tiptoes he aroſe,
And with his fingers wip'd his noſe;
And cleans'd his fingers on his breeches,
Deliv'ring thoſe following ſpeeches.
Hear, O ye remnant of *Iſra'l*,
Who have not bow'd your knees to *Baal*,
For which ye undergo the Croſs,
Ye gold refined from the droſs:
Ye winnow'd corn purg'd from the chaff,
Ye ſp'rit of malt drawn from the draff;
Who to the good cauſe are no ſhame,
Ye covenanters, curds, and cream.
Ere one a pater-noſter utter,
Some will turn cheeſe, and others butter;
And each will feed his hungry brother,
If we ſhall chance to eat each other.

From whom ſome muſt an anſ
I'll read it out that ye may m
And then adviſe by whom to
Then anſwered the whole cro
Bidding him read it out aloud
Seeking his lunets forth he fa
At which they who ſtood ne
Thoſe further off took ſuch a
Some cry'd to legs, ſome cry
What was the matter none c
Till all of them did ſmell th
Then having huſh'd their ſh
He did begin to read as foll

THE SUPPLICA

Although we do not rant and ſwagger,
Nor drink in taverns till we ſtagger,
And then engage in drunken quarrels,
Where wit goes out by tooming barrels:
Where ſome throw ſtoups, and others glaſſes,
Some ſtruggle with the ſerving-laſſes:
Some throw a chandler, ſome a can,
Some ſtrive to cuckold the *Good-man*:
Some mean their elbow, ſome their head,
Some cry, alas, their ſhoulder blade!
And ſome with ſpilled drink are dripping,
And ſome ſit on a privy ſleeping:
Some do not know at whom they're ſtriking,
And ſome are buſy pockets picking:
Some have their hair with fingers freezed,
And ſome cry out they're circumciſed:
Some have their faces and their throples
All ſcratched with tobacco ſtopples:
Some coals with naked ſwords are hewing,
And ſome lie in a corner ſpewing:
And other ſome get bloody fingers,
By graſping naked knives and whingers,
When they the fray intend to redd,
When it were better they were a-bed:
And ſome cry, ye diſturb the *laird*,
And ſome cry, fie, bring *Bailie Baird*;
A man who is obliged much
Unto the war againſt the Dutch.

THE WHIGS SUPPLICATION.

At that they call the wench to reckon,
She comes and counts up three for one;
But gains not much though ſhe ſo trick it,
Beſide her loſs of burgeſs ticket.
They tell her they would money borrow,
And come and pay their ſhot to-morrow:
Their officers the other day,
Had dic'd, and drunk, and whor'd their pay.
Sir, though we do not play ſuch pranks,
For which we give unto God thanks,
Yet we your loyal ſubjects are,
To ſerve you both in peace and war,
With our fortunes and our lives;
But if our conſcience and our wives,
By any man be meddled with,
We'll both defend with all our pith.
Sir, our conſcience to compel,
Is to force our ſouls to hell.
If we do good, and think it evil,
In that we more obey the devil,
Than doing ill, which we think good,
If holy writ be underſtood.
Sir, we have been ſore oppreſſed,
Our wives and ſerving laſſes ceſſed,
Either to give beyond their reach,
Or elſe to hear ſome hirelings preach;
Who preach nought elſe, but rail and rant
Againſt the holy *Covenant*.

And yet its known that the nation
Did take it at their inſtigation;
For which, of late, they were ſo hearty,
When it was the prevailing party,
That they urg'd ſtate as they were wood,
To take ſome's means, and others blood:
And others they compell'd to flee,
And hide themſelves beyond the ſea;
And that, Sir, for no other reaſon,
But anti-covenanting treaſon.

But now, Sir, when the guiſe doth turn,
They preach nothing but hang, and burn,
And herry all thoſe of the nation,
Who do refuſe the Declaration:
Perſuading us with tales and fictions,
To take oaths which are contradictions;
Having, for love of worldly pelf,
Firſt taken contrair oaths themſelf.

At the firſt, Sir, God be thanked,
We ſold cov'ring, ſheet, and blanket,
And gowns, and plaids, and petticoats,
Meal and peaſe, barley and oats,
Butter and cheeſe, and wool fleeces,
For groats and fourty-penny pieces:
Capons and hens, and geeſe and pigs,
Oxen and horſe which till'd our riggs;
And which our very hearts pierces,
Maſter Zachary Boyd's verſes:

Dickſon's ſermons, *Guthrie*'s libels,
Beſſie of *Lanark*, and our bibles:
And learn'd religion by tradition,
Which ſmell of Popiſh ſuperſtition.
To pay our fines we were ſo willing,
Which was for each fault twenty ſhilling,
Though we alleg'd for our defence,
It was too much by eighteen-pence.
At laſt we had no more to give,
Neither knew we how to live.
They felled all our hens and cocks,
And rooted out all our kail ſtocks,
And caſt them o'er the dikes away,
And bid us jeering faſt and pray.
Being incenſed with ſuch harms,
We were neceſſitate to arms;
And through the country we did come,
We had far better ſtaid at home:
We did nothing but hunt the glaiks;
For after we had got our paiks,
They took us ev'ry one as prizes,
And condemn'd us in aſſizes,
To be hang'd up every where,
And fix'd our heads up here and there:
Once dreadful heads, Sir, all did doubt 'em
They had ſo mickle wit about them.
And we who ſcap'd thoſe grievous croſſes,
Did hide ourſelves in bogs and moſſes,

Where we fed on ſodden leather,
Mingled with the crops of heather,
Which our hunger to aſſuage,
We thought moſt ſavoury pottage.
For drink it was no ſmall matter,
If we got clear, not muddy water;
In which we heartily do wiſh,
There be none who deſire to fiſh,
That by the devil's inſtigation,
Brings on us all this tribulation.
When in that caſe we could not ſtand,
We ſally, Sir, with ſword in hand:
Let men cry, *rebels*, till they grow hoarſe,
We'er ſubjects ne'er a whit the worſe.
Though we prefer you not to God,
Who do ſo, Sir, their faith will nod.
If government take changing tours,
They will renounce both you and yours;
As doth appear by ſome of late,
When the Uſurper rul'd the ſtate.
They ſtrove, Sir, to be ſent apace,
To abjure you in the world's face.
Though ſome, Sir, of our duniwaiſles
Stood out, like *Eglinton* and *Caſſils*,
And others ſtriving to ſit ſtill,
Were forc'd to go againſt their will;
Yet other ſome, as all men knows,
Who ſhould be ſent, were near to blows,

That is, at very boiſt'rous words,
Putting their hands upon their ſwords,
To make men think that they were ſtout,
When it was known the world throughou
To fight your foes when they were ſent,
They always took the bog a-ſclent;
And running from the fight by ſtealth,
Would then ſit down and drink your hea
And ſince they could not think, like aſſes
To beat your foes by drinking glaſſes,
Its evident, Sir, as we think,
They drank your health for love of drink.
Yet many, Sir, were diſappointed,
Who ſo forſook the *Lord's Anointed.*
They were not all alike regarded,
Some well, and ſome were ill rewarded:
They who play'd beſt with both the hand
Enrich'd were by their neighbour's lands.
Some from the creditors got refuges,
Some were made clerks, and others judge
Some ſwearing that their ſtocks were ſpen
Strove to get down their annual rent:
Detaining, Sir, by that extortion,
The fatherleſs and widow's portion,
Which us'ring fathers lent to lairds,
Who play'd it all at dice and cards;
Which forc'd ſome laſſes to miſcarriage,
Becauſe they could not get a marriage.

But among thoſe of ſtricter life,
The truth-tell colour grew ſo riſe,
That it marr'd all the charms and graces,
Of thoſe that could not paint their faces.
But other ſome got mocks and ſcorns,
By giving to their landlords horns,
And ſpewing claret mull'd with eggs,
Between the Lord Protector's legs,
When they did endeavour to pray
Before him, on a faſting day.
Some *Whally*'s bible did begarie,
By letting flee at it *Canary*,
Taking it up where it lay next,
That they might read on it the text.
When *Cromwell* preach'd with great applauſe,
The revelation of his cauſe;
And ſome of them empawn'd their cloaks,
And other ſome brought home the pox,
Giving foul linens all the wite,
Some turn'd your friends for mere deſpite,
Vowing you never to withſtand
Again, without ſomething in hand;
And ſome turn'd ord'nance-forſakers,
Others, for grief of heart turn'd Quakers.
Some in their conſcience took remorſe,
Crying, I'm damn'd, till they grew hoarſe,
And made the ſtanders by *admira*,
To ſee them take the fits of *Spira*.

To bring thoſe troubled ſouls to peace,
Some reads *Alvarez' Helps to Grace:*
Some, *Sanctuary of a Troubled Soul,*
Some cited paſſages of *Paul,*
Explaining well what he did ſay:
Some reads on *Mr. Andrew Gray:*
Some told the danger of backſliding,
Some the good of faith abiding:
Some reads the caſes of *Richard Binning,*
Some *Fergusſon* reads of *Kilwinning;*
And ſome them preſſed very ſore,
To hear a little of *Doctor More.*
But others cry'd, away, and tuſh
With vipers in a balmy buſh,
With blind *pilots* guiding *ferries,*
With *toads* lurking in *ſtrawberries.*
His doctrine of juſtification
Drives all the court to deſperation.
Few there are ſaved, as we gueſs,
By their inherent righteouſneſs.
He hath ſome good among great evils,
He tells of *Baſtard* getting devils:
Of their *bodies,* or *vehicles,*
Their *heraldry* and *conventicles.*
Its ſport to ſee his fancy wander
In their male and female gender.
He doth ſo punctually tell
The whole economy of hell,

That ſome affirm he is *Puck Harry;*
Some, he hath walked with the fairy.
Though intellectuals be neat,
Though he means well, and is no cheat,
His caſe is deſperate and ſad,
For too much learning makes him mad.
We'll read on the *True Convert's Mark,*
Or we will read on *Beſſie Clark,*
Or elſe on *Baker's Heav'nly Beam,*
Or on the *Lady Culroſs' Dream;*
Which ſundry drunken aſſes flout,
Not ſeeing the jew'l within the clout:
Like coxcombs who take no heed,
When they *Gower* or *Chaucer* read.
When they had ſaid and read their fill,
It did not cure the patients ill:
They ſtill cry on, and howl, and mourn,
Their counſels will not ſerve the turn.
No comfort at all find they can,
Until a grave and rev'rend man,
Adviſe them to reſiſt temptation,
With Spaniſh wine, and fornication.
Thoſe rebels alſo to obey,
Thoſe hirelings ceas'd for you to pray;
Becauſe their ſtipends, and their living,
Were at the foreſaid rebel's giving.
They thought a man a venial ſinner,
Who left ſworn duty for his dinner:

Yea, ſome of them were of opinion,
They might pray for that *devil's minion.*
They would not ſtick for love of pelf,
To pray, Sir, for the devil himſelf.
But we in the uſurpers faces,
Remember'd you in pray'rs and graces
And if we had had guns and ſwords,
Our actions would have back'd our wor
Our fault, Sir, was, for which we moan
We thought to do it all alone.
Since it was only want of wit,
Since it was a diſtraction fit,
We pray you, Sir, be no deſpiſer
Of us, whom God has made no wiſer.
Royal Sir, to thoſe our times
Apply'd may be a poet's rhymes,
Who coarſely ſingeth, 'that a wight,
'Obeying king in wrong or right,
'If that the king to wreck ſhall go,
'Will in like manner turn his foe.
'But who obey no ſinful thing,
'Do ſtill prove conſtant to their king.'
The rhyme is barbarous and rude;
But, Sir, the ſaying's rich and good:
In print yet forth it hath not crept,
We have it in a manuſcript.
The *Good-man* keeps it as we think,
Behind a diſh upon the bink:

And yet its thought by many a man,
Moſt worthy of the *Vatican.*
Its worthy, Sir, of your *Saint James,*
That ſtands upon the river *Thames:*
Ye'll not find, ſaying, ſuch another,
Put all their gilded books together;
Though with theſe two you join in one,
The bibliothec of *Preſter John.*
Cauſe pages cry it ſtill before ye,
As *Philip* did *memento mori.*
Since, then, we arm for conſcience-ſake,
May't pleaſe you, Sir, ſome pity take,
And not by biſhops inſtigation,
Enforce on us the *Declaration;*
Nor make us give beyond our reach,
To keep's from hearing hirelings preach:
Who laſt year preached oaths to take,
And this year preached them to break.
When they have forc'd men to take 'em,
Then, firſt of all, themſelves they break them.
Except God, Sir, their manners mend,
They'll *oath* it to the world's end:
Men either muſt forſwear themſelf,
As oft as they turn coats for pelf;
Or elſe their conſcience is ſo ſcurvy,
They will turn all things topſy-turvy.
And we will give what we can reach,
To keep's from hearing thoſe men preach,

As Achiſons, babees, and placks,
Which is enough, Sir, for our packs.
Likewiſe, in any other thing,
We will obey you as our king.
If ye require it at our hands,
We'll quit to you both lives and lands.
Nothing to fight can us compel,
Except to keep our ſouls from hell,
Whatever miſchief us befal,
Or elſe *the devil take us all.*
Ye need not, Sir, diſtruſt or fear,
When *outlaw Whigs* do ban or ſwear;
It doth unto the world appear,
Keeping our oaths hath coſt us dear.
We pray God, that your majeſty,
And then your royal progeny,
May peace and truth with us defend,
As king unto the world's end.
We, with all duty and reſpect,
Your gracious anſwer do expect.

Debate between the Knight and Squire about the ending of the Petition, and who ſhould carry it to the King.

And thus the Supplication ended,
The Squire cry'd out, It ſhould be mended:
Being deſir'd to tell the cauſe,
Firſt with all ten his a— he claws,
And then his elbow and his head,
Winking a while as he were dead;
And clapping both hands on his ſnout,
At laſt his reaſon tumbled out:
To wit, it did not move to grant
Renewing of the COVENANT.

KNIGHT.

At which the Knight gave ſuch a groan,
As would have rent a heart of ſtone:
And caſting both his eyes to heav'n,
He ſaid, Not though the Earl of *Leven*
Were on our heads, we durſt not do it,
Its baſe to put the king ſo to it.
It is a moſt preſumptuous thing,
To croſs the conſcience of a king.
Some honeſt men did never take it,
Some honeſt alſo were who brake it:

But he who breaks't againſt his light,
Let it be wrong, let it be right,
By prophets and apoſtles leave,
We dare aver he is a knave.
On ſingulars we will not harp,
For the apply will be to *Sharp*.
We put down biſhops to our coſt,
Yet two or three ſtill rul'd the roaſt,
Some of which play'd ſuch pranks at home,
As never Pope preſum'd at Rome.
It is the ſimpleſt of all tricks,
To ſuffer fools have chopping-ſticks:
A ſword put in a wood-man's hand,
Breeds mickle trouble to the land.

SQUIRE.

The Squire reply'd, They're ſcarce of ne
Who tells their mother haunted ſtews,
Who on his brother rubs diſgrace,
He ſpits upon his mother's face,
Each *Covenanter* is our brother,
The *Covenant* of all is mother.
Their wit is dull and very groſs,
Who think where gold is there's no droſs:
Where there is corn there may be chaff,
Where there is malt there may be draff:
Thiſtles with corn grow on the riggs,
And rogues may lurk among the *Whigs*.

And friars in Lent may be fleſh-eaters,
And *Covenanters* may be *cheaters*,
And weeds grow up with faireſt flow'rs,
And ſighing ſiſters may be whores.
As fruit on trees grow, ſo grow leaves,
Its certain biſhops may be knaves.
Its known to all the devil may dwell,
In ſome of fourteen as of twelve.
To blame a cauſe for perſons vices,
Is one of Satan's main devices,
By which he very oft doth make
Well meaning men the truth forſake.
But let us firſt the queſtion ſtate,
Before we enter in debate,
Which of the two ſhould bear the ſway,
The *mitres*, or the *elders-lay*.

KNIGHT.

The Knight did pauſe a pretty while,
Then anſwer'd with a ſcornful ſmile:
I tell thee, fool, I think government
Of Church a thing of ſmall concernment:
The truth 'tis very hard to find,
It puzzleth the moſt learned mind.
Some do the *Preſbyt'ry* conceive
New forg'd by *Calvin* at Geneve:
Some ſay he puts to execution,
Paul the Apoſtle's inſtitution,

Which ſuffer'd exile and ejection,
The time of *Paul's* foretold defection.
Some ſay ſince biſhops did appear,
Its more than fifteen hundred year:
Some ſay that then they did begin,
The Pope of Rome to uſher in:
That *Paul's* iniquities, myſt'ry working,
Was men then for precedency forking.
Some Preſbyterians do conclude,
But biſhops ſay ſuch thoughts delude,
Which comes from brains which have a bee,
Like *Urquhart's trigonometry*.
Some biſhops prove by Scripture phraſes,
As by the word γυβερνησεις,
How *John* the angels ſeven did greet,
Why *Paul* did *Titus* leave in *Crete*:
But other ſome boldly aſſerts,
Who reaſon ſo the text perverts.
Some call the biſhops *weather-cocks*,
Who where their heads were turn their *docks*,
Still ſtout for them who gives them moſt,
And who will make them rule the roaſt.
Some ſay that biſhops have been good,
And ſeal'd the goſpel with their blood;
As ready for the truth at call,
As any Whig among us all.
Perhaps a railing, fooliſh ranter,
Will tell, a biſhop covenanter,

An honeſt clergyman will be,
When cable paſſeth needle's eye:
For ſome of ſuch had play'd a pavie,
Though all the cables of the navy
In one, ſhould paſs through needle's eye,
Whigs ſtill would doubt their honeſty.
Some ſay a biſhop covenanter,
If a penitent repenter,
Cauſeth more joy to ſp'rits divine,
Than all the other ninety-nine.
Some father tales upon *King James*,
To ſundry Preſbyterian dames,
That he was forc'd of knaves to make 'em,
For devil an honeſt man would take them.
Some ſay the king gave never leave,
To make a biſhop of a knave.
That thoſe men are evil ſpeakers,
Tax'd by *Jude* ſpiritual Quakers.
That none doth hate nobility,
For Quakers blaming heraldry.
And ſome again are, who compares
Our biſhops unto *baiting bears;*
Who if they be not kept in awe,
They will tear all with teeth and paw:
Yet tractable in ev'ry thing,
If in their ſnout ye put a ring.
And many men again there be,
Who ſay the ſame of Preſbyt'ry.

And ſome ſay this, and ſome ſay that,
And ſome affirm—they know not what.
Its grief to ſee them Scripture vex,
And wreſt it like a noſe of wax:
And he who is deceived moſt,
All fathers on the Holy Ghoſt.
Some quitting prophets and apoſtles,
Thinks beſt to plead the cauſe by *poſtils*:
And ſome do diſpute by tradition,
Some calls that Popiſh ſuperſtition:
And ſome affirm that they had rather
Follow a council than a father:
And ſome affirm no matter whether
They are blind leaders all together.
And ſince the truth is found by none,
No more than is that turn gold-ſtone,
Its beſt, *Sancho*, for ought I ſee,
To take a pint and then agree.
Let men have biſhops at their eaſe,
And hear what preachers beſt them pleaſe,
If we be freed of *Declaration*,
And of that other great vexation,
We mentioned in our petition,
We'll alter it on no condition:
Then we will ſerve the king as much
Againſt the Dane, and French, and Dutch
As any in his three dominions,
Who hateth us or our opinions.

If he command us we will come,
Like Goths, and ſcale the walls of Rome,
And bereave Babel's Whore of breath,
Or die the Duke of Bourbon's death.

SQUIRE.

The Squire made many odd grimace
Ere he could ſpeak, like *Balaam*'s aſs.
Sometime he wink'd, ſometime look'd up,
And running backward like a tupp,
For to return with greater force;
He ſnorted like a very horſe:
One thought upon another tumbled,
One while he grinn'd, another grumbled,
At laſt like *Cant*, or *Trail*, or *Durie*,
He gave a broadſide in a fury:
Looking as he would eat them all,
His words flew out like cannon ball.
The love of pelf comes from the devil,
Its root of all miſchief and evil,
It makes lords ſup without a candle,
When none can ſee their knife to handle;
While to bring candles ſervants lingers,
Ten candles will not heal their fingers.
It makes foreheads and ſhins to bleed,
By ſaving candle to light to bed.
It makes them keep their cellar keys,
Set ſecret marks on hams and cheeſe,

Which if but in the leaſt defaced,
Wives, ſervants, bairns, are all menaced.
It makes them prigg for milk and eggs,
Put in their broth cocks halfs' and legs:
It makes them patch elbows and breaſts,
Keep rinded butter in charter cheſts,
Till rats eat all their law defences,
And families old evidences.
It makes them pay their maſons wages
By uſury, on weeds, and gages,
Taken from widows who were plunder'd,
By paying forty in the hundred.
It corrupts *Hamell*, *Sharp*, and *Sweet*,
It poiſons all like *aconite*.
If it touch hide it goes to heart,
And ſo affecteth ev'ry part,
The great ones do betray their truſt,
Ladies throw honour in the duſt,
Like thoſe who trode the Cyprian da
With that *financier* of France.
It *Puritans* does make of *Ranters*,
And *cavaliers* of *Covenanters*:
Of *lords* and *earls* it makes *drapers*
Of *prieſts* and *Levites* it makes *caſ*
It makes grave and reverend *chea*
In pulpits and tribunal ſeats:
For any crime it finds defences,
With oaths it like a Pope diſpe

It cauſes among brethren ſtrife,
It makes a man pimp to his wife:
It makes yields fortreſſes and towns,
Sooner than armies with great guns:
It ſets a-fire cities and ſtreets,
It raiſes tragedies in fleets:
It makes the vanquiſhed victorious,
And foil than victory more glorious:
It makes rebellion riſe and fall,
And hath ſuch influence on all,
That whom it made rebellious nurſes,
It loyal makes—to fill their purſes.
It cauſeth many a bloody ſtrife,
When needy male-contents grow rife.
Then by it church and ſtate are mended,
And will be till the world be ended.
Maſter, we all obſerve and mark,
Since ye once doubt ye will embark,
Why do ye conſcience ſo neglect?
Or what, Maſter, can ye expect?
Although among the Whigs ye preach,
A biſhopric ye cannot reach;
For biſhoprics are given to none
Like Preſbyterian *John Gillon*,
Who when he takes his preaching turn,
Will make more laugh than he makes mourn.
Ye have infus'd in us ſedition,
Ye will us leave in that condition,

And then cauſe print a *book of Seaſon*,
Tax whom ye have ſeduc'd of treaſon;
And when ſo doing, all men ſee
Ye ſing the *palinode* of *Lee*,
The cavaliers will ſtill you call
The archeſt rebel of us all.
Thus having ſaid he made a halt,
And ſtood like *Lot*'s wife turn'd to ſalt,
With ear attentive, earneſt eye,
He did expect the Knight's reply.

KNIGHT.

Who ſtroak'd his beard and bit his lip,
And wip'd his noſe and ſcratch'd his hip,
He wry'd his face and knit his brows,
He changed more than twenty hues:
His hands did tremble, his teeth did chatter,
His eyes turn'd up, his bum did clatter,
His tongue on teeth and gums did hammer,
He fain would ſpeak, but ſtill did ſtammer:
His garb was ſtrange, dreadful, uncouth,
Till through his epileptic mouth,
Thoſe following ſpeeches fierce and loud,
Burſt out like thunder through a cloud.
Thou poiſons all my little *Grex*,
Thou ſentence-ſpeaking *Carnifex*,
Thou hardy and preſumptuous are,
To meddle ſo with peace and war:

Rub my horſe belly and his coots,
And when I get them—dight my boots,
For they are better than gramaſhes
For me, who through the dubs ſo plaſhes:
Yet I'll wear none, till I put on
Thoſe of the prieſt of Livingſton,
Who when they hid them in the riggs,
Said they were plunder'd by the Whigs:
Unto another prieſt his marrow,
Who ſent a maid his boots to borrow,
Whoſe boots were plundered indeed,
As was his ſalt beef and his ſteed.
Teach what I pleaſe, thou'lt not forbear,
To meddle with things without thy ſphere,
Like tailors making boots or ſhoes,
Or like ſhoemakers making hoſe:
Like ſome I know as blind as owls,
Playing at tennis and at bowls,
And ſometime ſhooting at a mark,
Like *Paſſavantius* playing the clerk,
Who meddled with—he knew not what,
That he might get from Rome a hat.
Men oft by change of ſtation tines,
Good lawyers may prove bad divines.
Like *Sodoleto*'s dog in ſattin,
Like *Ignoramus* ſpeaking Latin,
Which raiſed moſt unnatural jars,
As between law and goſpel wars.

Like *Bembo*'s parrot ſinging maſſes,
Like men of ſeventy courting laſſes,
Like Highland ladies knoping ſpeeches,
When they are ſcolding for the breeches:
Like *Maſſanello* freeing Naples
From *gabels* put on roots and apples:
Like tailors ſcanning ſtate-concernments,
Or coblers clouting church-governments:
Like ſome attempting tricks in *ſtatics*,
Not vers'd in *Euclid*'s mathematics:
Like piper's mending *Morley*'s muſic,
Or gard'ners *Paracelſus*' phyſic:
Like atheiſts pleading law refuges,
Like country tryſters turning judges,
Like preachers ſtirring up devotions,
By preaching military motions;
Proving their uſes and *didactics*,
By paſſages of *Ælian's tactics:*
Like ladies making water ſtanding,
Like young lairds horſe and foot commandi
Like monkeys playing on a fiddle,
Or eunuchs on a lady's middle:
Like gilliwetfoots purging ſtates
By papers thrown in pocks or hats,
That they might be, when purg'd from dun
Secretaries for the Iriſh tongue.
Great wounds yet curable ſtill feſter,
When fools preſume to rule their maſter

As ſad experience teach'd of late,
When ſuch reformed church and ſtate;
Though all the public did pretend,
All almoſt had a private end.
There was no place of war or ſtate,
But was by twenty aimed at:
Whereof nineteen were diſappointed,
Which made the body whole disjointed,
And rais'd among them ſuch diviſions,
That they were to their friends deriſions.
Some aim'd at the *embroider'd purſe*,
Some the *finances* to *deburſe*,
And other ſome thought to be getters,
By writing of the *privy* letters:
Some aim'd at privy ſeal or rolls,
Some cuſtoms gather'd in, and tolls:
Some did dry quarterings enforce,
Some lodg'd in pockets foot and horſe;
Yet ſtill bog-ſclented when they yoked,
For all the garriſon in their pocket:
And ſome made men mortgage their lands,
To lend money on public bands,
To be paid at the reſurrection:
Some fines paid who oppos'd defection:
Some ſold the ſoldiers mity meal,
And ſome did from the public ſteal;
And ſome, as every body ſays,
Us'd more than other twenty ways;

Yet notwithſtanding of all that,
They were lean kine devouring fat.
None gained by thoſe bloody fairds,
But two three beggars which turn'd lairds;
Who ſtealing public geeſe and wedders,
Were freed by rend'ring ſkin and feathers,
When others of this church and nation 1671
Return unto their former ſtation:
And now, for all their ſtomach's ſtout,
Comes home more fools than they went out.
Thou, like a firebrand, doſt adviſe
Us to be fools when all are wiſe.
Thy endeavours are all in vain.
Ere we ſhall play ſuch pranks again,
The Patagons ſhall maſſes mumble,
The dons of Spain ſhall all be humble; 16[illegible]
Italians ſhall ſpeak as they think,
Germans, when ſun's ſet, ſhall not drink;
Swedes gaining day ſhall not pile baggage,
And Engliſh hate ſhall beef and cabbage;
The Ruſs and Pole ſhall never jar,
Danes ſhall gain by a Swediſh war;
Victorious Turk ſhall ſtand to reaſon,
Scots ſhall be beat, and not blame treaſ
The Dutch ſhall brandy ſlight, and but
And England conquer by De Ruyter
The firſt burnt ardour of French he
Shall not turn to a crack of farts;

And they ſhall ſpell as they do ſpeak,
And they ſhall ſing as they do prick:
With oaths they ſhall not lard their ſpeeches,
Nor change the faſhion of their breeches.
All ſhall have for aſſured news,
The Pope from Rome has baniſh'd ſtews:
Rebellion ſhall return from hell,
And do things which I will not tell.
Though it were true as ſome compares,
Our biſhops unto baiting bears,
Who if they be not kept in awe,
They will tear all with teeth and paw,
Yet many utterly miſlikes,
That butcher Preſbyterian tykes
Should flee upon their throats and faces,
To curb their lordſhips and their graces:
His majeſty without all doubt,
Should only ring them in the ſnout.
If they ſo ſwell that none can bide
Their malice, avarice, and pride,
Vices which all the world doth ken,
Familiar to clergymen;
Of which though palliate with art,
Our Preſbyterians had their part:
Our duty is, with all ſubmiſſion,
To preſs the grant of our petition;
The king will ſuffer us, perchance,
As Lewis doth Hugonots in France,

And in his wars, civil and foreign,
Make me command in chief, like *Turrain.*
And though he grant not our demands,
Away with *covenants* and *bands;*
Kings muſt command, we muſt obey,
They rebels are who truth gainſay.
Some tell we muſt the truth ſo love,
As of it not to quit a hoof;
As ſaid another fool thy marrow,
As if his majeſty were *Phar'oh.* 17
For my part ere I trouble peace,
I'll biſhops call, *My Lord and Grace,*
And kneel at the communion-table,
Make Chriſtmas-feaſts if I be able:
Private ſacraments I'll avow,
Childrens confirming I'll allow;
And I will hear the organs play,
And *Amen* to the ſervice ſay.
I'll ſurplice wear, and high-ſleev'd gown,
And to the altar I'll bow down: 1
Yea, ere his majeſty be wroth,
I'll *primate* be, and *chanc'lor* both.

SQUIRE.

The Squire replied in a chaff,
He grinn'd ſo that he ſeem'd to laugh:
And when ye travel in caroſſes,
Ye will ſalute the highway croſſes;

And when with danger ye are preſt,
Ye will croſs, ſign forehead and breaſt;
And ye will to our lady pray,
And travel on the ſabbath-day;
And ye will play with lords and lairds
All ſermon-time, at dice and cards,
And duels fight like thoſe of France,
And drunk and cripple lead a dance;
And ye will venture axe and rope,
By writing letters to the Pope,
To tell him, though ye here be *Haman*,
Ye worſhip with the king like *Naman*;
And then accuſe us all of treaſon,
When ye put out your *Book of Seaſon*.

KNIGHT.

The Knight look'd fiercely then about,
Thus thund'ring with a dreadful ſhout:
Conſtant madneſs thy brains enthrals,
Thou haſt no lucid intervals;
Thy waſpiſh tongue will never fail
To prat, to ſcold, revile, and rail,
Though men ſhould bray thee all to powder,
Thou ſtill *Theriſtes* plays the louder:
All honeſt and unbiaſs'd, ken
Thoſe men whom thou mean'ſt were worthy men;
They had ſome faults, though not ſo big
As rotten flies, to ſpoil a pig

Ere ſuch a jury can be gotten,
Its certain I'll be dead and rotten;
Or if juſtice ſo ſhall halt,
As to cauſe hang me for this fault,
Hanging to me will be leſs trouble,
Than worry on a windy bubble
At a dike ſide, or under a ſtair,
If weather be not very fair.

KNIGHT.

But then the Knight; We'll hear he'll qua
That thou once ſerved Albemarle.

SQUIRE.

To which the Squire, I have no fears,
He dare not challenge't for his ears;
For I can make appear to all
They toſs'd me to him like a ball.
Next, aſk that duke, in any thing
If e'er I did prejudge the king.
I forc'd was to diſſimulation,
To ſhun a rope, and ſerve my nation.
I did no evil but mickle good,
Saving mens money and their blood;
Which ſervices I did for nought,
Which were from men far richer bought.
That duke can tell he did ſuſpect it,
Albeit to try he did neglect it,

When by their crafty inſtigation,
He urg'd was to my accuſation.
They all now tell of Albemarle,
But they told him another quarrel,
In pleading I could touch a ſtring,
Whoſe ſound will make their ears to ring.

KNIGHT.

The Knight ſaid, Tuſh, they'll no more ſtir,
Than moon when bark'd at by a cur:
For all thy prat, on no condition
I mind to alter the petition.

SQUIRE.

Then ſaid the Squire; If ye'll not mend it,
Adviſe, at leaſt, by whom to ſend it.
Since we petition for religion,
Your lady, or your dog, or pigeon,
Were fitteſt to be ſent: if other,
I'm ſore afraid we loſe a brother;
For I dare ſwear upon th' evangel,
When he hath got from each his *angel*,
To help his charges to defray,
The fellow will us all betray.

KNIGHT.

When things ſucceed not, fools do flite,
Giving betraying all the wite,

Reply'd the Knight; they ſaid of late,
They were betray'd when they were beat;
And they ſaid true; who did not ſtand,
Betrayed are by heart and hand.
But to the point; as for my wife,
I'll never ſend her in my life,
For fear ſome courtier or other,
Would make me old *King Arthur*'s brother.
My dog is an unruly cur,
And at the court will keep a ſtir;
Seeing *Conformiſts* up and down,
He barks ſo at a high-ſleev'd gown,
That biſhops either will cauſe ſtone him,
Or elſe yoke butcher dogs upon him.
As for my pigeon it cannot be,
She hath another gate to flee:
A meſſage ſhe hath tane in hand,
To ſearch for that moſt happy land,
Unknown to any heretofore,
But only to *Sir Thomas More*,
Where we intend to fix plantation,
If forc'd to change our habitation.
And ſince a poet rightly hits,
That greateſt fools have greateſt wits,
To ſhun falſe dealing, it is fit
To chooſe one not o'ergrown in wit:
So he can buffonize and jeſt,
At public meeting and at feaſt,

And catch a time to tell the truth,
Like *David*'s great-grandmother *Ruth*.
The Whigs with an applauding halloo,
Cry'd out his counſel they would follow;
Which once concluded, all aroſe,
And ſet on pans to make their *broſe*.
When after that ſome fools were nam'd
To be employ'd, they all were blam'd;
And none thought fit they ſtill inquire,
And find none fitter than the Squire.
On him then they enforc'd the meſſage.
When he went out on his embaſſage,
How at the court he did arrive,
How to affront him they did ſtrive:
But how the buffoons all he outed,
How *Hudibras*'s ſquire he routed,
When they two yoked by the ears
About the baiting of the bears:
And how he manag'd every thing,
And how he did harangue the king;
And how he cited ends of verſe,
And ſayings of philoſophers;
At which ſome laugh'd, and ſome were vex'd,
Ye'll be advertis'd by the next.

NOTES.

VER. 32. Plack, *one third of a penny.*

V. 35. Taſs, *the famous Torquato Taſſo, an Italia*
poet, born at Sorrento in Naples. His works are, Jer
ſalem Delivered; *and* Amintas, *a Paſtoral Come*
He died in 1595, *being about to receive the degree*
Poet Laureat.

V. 36. Marine, *John Baptiſta Marina, a fam*
poet, born at Naples about the middle of the 16*th* cent

V. 77. Garvie fiſhes, *ſprats.*

V. 92. Caput Bonae Spei, *the Cape of Good H*

V. 96. Riggs, *ridges.*

V. 97. Hoggars, *coarſe hoſe, wanting feet.*

V. 98. Coots, *ankles.*

V. 99. Durks, *daggers.*

V. 105. Ratches, *firelocks.*

V. 106. Peats, *turff.*

V. 112. Dalzel, *general to King Charles I.*
battle of Pentland hills in 1666, *where the kin*
was victorious.

Ibid. His paiks; *that is, to drub him.*

V. 143. Groff, *intelligible.*

V. 175. Barrow-trams, *the poles of a har*

V. 176. Reiſted hams, *ſmoked bacon.*

V. 182. Penny-bridle, *a paying wedding*

. 186. Spinola beſieg'd Breda. *This was in with* 39,600 *men. His entrenchments were* 30,600 *compaſs. Spinola underſtanding, by letters of Prince e which were intercepted, that vaſt preparations aking to raiſe the ſiege, though in the cold of win- raiſed a trench of* 52,000 *paces in compaſs, to de- r camp. The town was obliged to ſurrender to him 5th of June,* 1625.

:90. Broſe, *water-gruel.*

:57. Gramaſh, *ſpatterdaſh.*

:58. Panaſh, *feather.*

:62. Bannockburn, *a little village of Scotland, two miles of Stirling, where, in* 1313, *in the r Edward II. of England, and Robert Bruce of d, the Engliſh army, commanded by Edward, feated by the Scots.*

:74. Saddle tore, *ſaddle bow.*

:84. Arioſto, *an Italian poet; author of the* Or- Furioſo. *He died in* 1533.

:87. Tine, *loſe.*

:96. Coutchers, *clowns.*

,30. Sodds, *pack ſaddle.*

,46. John Thomſon's man; *a hen-peck'd fellow.*

,50. Poſe, *purſe.*

72. Declaration. *All who were in any public ent were to take that oath, by the 5th act of the of the 1ſt parl. of Charles II. in* 1661; *by they acknowledged it was unlawful to take up*

arms againſt the king; as alſo that the national League and Covenant were not binding upon the

Ver. 398. Monſieur did Agrippa's dog. *ſays, there was a report, though falſe, of Agrip he had two devils in the ſhape of dogs; the on Monſieur, and the other Mademoiſelle; to one o he ſaid at his death, 'Get you gone you wretche 'who hath deſtroyed me.' Upon which it ran river, and was never ſeen afterwards.*

V. 404. Fiſh, whoſe liver frights the devi *have the account of that fiſh in* Tobit, chap. iv. *where the angel gives the recipe of driving awa by its ſmoke, in* chap. viii. ver. 3. *Tobias, at h riage with Sarah the daughter of Raguel, diſpe bill; and immediately upon ſmelling that ſmoke, ſpirit fled from the river Tigris to the utmoſt bo Egypt.*

V. 413. Carl, *churl.*

V. 449. Rife, *frequent.*

V. 501. Preſter John, *the Emperor of Abyſſ*

V. 514. Flodden, *a place in Northumberland, for the defeat of the Scots army by the Engliſh, u command of the Earl of Surrey, in* 1513. *It wa tain whether James the Fourth was ſlain in the battle or not.*

V. 654. Lawings, *reckonings.*

V. 709. Ripples, *a weakneſs in the back and*

V. 730. Horſe-coupers, *jockeys.*

Ver. 763. Jove has his guard, *that is, Satellites Jovis.*

V. 895. Pomer into Scluſe. *From Pomerania, a country of Germany on the Baltic, to Dutch Flanders.*

V. 904. Italian voyage. *He means the Sicilian Veſpres, on Eaſter Eve,* 1382, *when the Sicilians maſſacred all the French in the iſland.*

V. 975. Lunets, *pockets.*

V. 992. Tooming, *emptying.*

V. 993. Stoups, *pots.*

V. 1005. Throples, *throats.*

V. 1011. The fray intend to redd; *to end the ſquabble.*

V. 1020. Burgeſs ticket, *maidenhead.*

V. 1049. Wood, *mad.*

V. 1057. Herry, *impoveriſh.*

V. 1068. Fourty-penny pieces, *three-pence, and one third of a penny,*

V. 1072. Maſter Zachary Boyd's verſes. *He was a poet. He paraphraſed or rather burleſqued ſeveral places of Scripture: probably that was owing more to ignorance than deſign.*

V. 1074. Beſſie of Lanark. *This is a ſmall pamphlet, by way of dialogue betwixt a miniſter and her.*

V. 1084. Kail, *cabbage.*

V. 1091. Hunt the glaiks, *go of a fool's errand.*

V. 1102. Crops of heather, *tops of heath.*

V. 1123. Duniwaiſles, *highland gentlemen.*

V. 1134. Took the bog a-ſclent; *they fled.*

ſhe imagined: The author put

V. 1242. Devil's minion,

V. 1268. Bink, *cupboard.*

V. 1284. Hirelings, *Epiſ*

V. 1297. Achiſon, *two t*
from one Achiſon, maſter of t

Ibid. Babee, *one half of a*

V. 1298. Packs, *ſtocks.*

V. 1308. Ban, *curſe.*

V. 1330. The Earl of I
and a very great ſoldier.

V. 1396. Forking, *ſtrivi*

V. 1476. Duke of Bourbo
V. He led an army againſt R

V. 1480. Tupp, *a ram.*

V. 1485. Cant, Trail, or
byterian miniſters.

V. 1501. Prigg, *to cheat*

rning with Pope Leo. X. Clement VII. and Paul II. He died in 1547.

Ver. 1609. Bembo's parrot. *This was Cardinal embo, famous for his poetry and the elegancy of his le. He was ſecretary to Leo X.*

V. 1611. Knoping ſpeeches, *pretending to ſpeak finely.*

V. 1622. Country tryſters, *referees, who compoſe ferences among neighbours.*

V. 1631. Gilliwetfoots, *the attendants on highland ieftains.*

V. 1706. Tykes, *dogs.*

V. 1745. Caroſſes, *coaches.*

V. 1769. Ken, *know.*

V. 1772. Pig, *pot.*

V. 1806. The engagement; *called alſo the Duke's 'agement, becauſe the Duke of Hamilton headed the its army, which entered England the middle of June,* 48. *They were routed at Preſton in Lancaſhire by omwell's army.*

V. 1815. Budding, *bribing.*

V. 1825. Kytheth, *appears.*

V. 1854. St. Rule, *the name of a place.*

V. 1873. Effeers, *appears.*

V. 1888. Albemarle, *General Monk.*

V. 1923. Flite, *ſcold.*

V. 1944. Sir Thomas More, *viz. his utopia.*

V. 1968. Hudibras's Squire, *viz. Ralph the ſectary.*

THE

WHIGS SUPPLICATION.

A

MOCK POEM.

PART II.

WHEN buſhes budded and trees did chip,
And lambs by ſun's approach did ſkip;
When mires grew hard like toaſted bread,
That men might through the carſes ride;
When folks drew blood of arms and legs,
When geeſe and turkeys hatched eggs;
When poor folks pots were fill'd with nettles,
When fiſh did domineer in kettles;
When Lent did ſore annoy the glutton,
When ſun left *fiſh* to lodge with *mutton*;
When night and day were of like length,
Of March the eighth, or twelfth, or tenth;
When ſev'ral critics great and ſmall,
By mending lines did mar them all;

When tranſcribers prepoſt'rous ſpeed,
Made them like pictures ſpoil'd with thread,
On arras hangings back-ſide; when
The low'r'd miſtakings of ſome men
Made ſev'ral great wits of the land,
Blame what they did not underſtand;
And ſome to hunt a flea contrive;
The Squire near London did arrive.
To meet him old and young came forth,
As Rome did once to ſee *Jugurth.*
They knew each paſſage of his journal,
Both by report and by diurnal.
We dread they will him ſore abuſe,
But let us firſt invoke the muſe.
Thou, Muſe, who never doſt abandon
Thoſe who have ſcarce a leg to ſtand on,
When they aſcend Parnaſſus' mountain,
Till in the end they taſte a fountain,
Which makes them than an owl ſing ſweeter;
Make me once more a fool in metre,
That I may be of all admired,
Confuting Preſbyt'ry caſhiered,
Which I of late ſo much adored:
But now when I get nothing for it,
Make me, O Muſe, to change my note,
Declare againſt it, turn my coat:
Compeſce me, Muſe, theſe ſtout bravadoes,
Of theſe ſtiff-necked reformadoes,

Who ſtill maintain unto this day,
They've the office though they want pay;
In others harveſt putting their ſickles,
Troubling the land with conventicles,
Whoſe ſtubborn hearts cannot be turned
By the Dialogues of *Gilbert Burnet*.
Prove, Muſe, that ſynod-men, church-wardens
Are bears, and ſynods are bear-gardens;
For both have tongues, and teeth, and nails,
But, Muſe, what wilt thou do for tails?
But that's all one the matter's ſmall,
For true bears have no tails at all;
And ſo the ſimile ſtill jumps,
Inſtead of tails thou'lt find there rumps.
When thou ſhow'ſt how the Squire diſputed,
And Ralph the ſectary confuted,
That he of wits almoſt bereft him:
But to the Squire now where we left him.
He melted all in tears for pity,
Seeing the ruins of the city:
But when he ſaw in other places
Houſes ariſe with goodly faces,
And turrets mounting up and ſoaring,
And the air's middle region boring,
(So Phœnix when its burnt in ſpices,
Up ſtarts another from its aſhes,)
Cry'd out the Squire, Rome once was burn'd,
By French then world's miſtreſs turn'd;

God may the ſame to London grant,
If it renew the COVENANT.
While this he ſpoke his horſe he lights off,
And with his handkerchief he dights off
Tears from his eyes; then on the ground
He grov'ling lies meditabound.
His horſe's grievous ſuccuſſation
Had ſo excoriate his foundation,
That, till the hide his hips did come on,
The earth he could not ſet his bum on.
Then after ſad ejaculations,
He vents theſe following meditations.
Wallace, quoth he, having ado,
Still eat the quarter of a cow,
And to the boot ere clothes were put on,
He would ſometimes diſpatch a mutton;
For when he wanted morning fare,
He was like *Sampſon* without hair.
A prieſt whoſe teeth did head and legs ſwe
Did ſtill eat powder'd beef and eggs twell
Before he preach'd, elſe he half dumb ſings
Like to a fiddle wanting ſome ſtrings.
Hence by experience I gather,
He is a liar though my father,
Who thinks a man can do or ſpeak well,
Who doth neglect his faſt to break well.
I am engag'd in a tranſaction,
Quoth he, requiring tongue and action,

That to my tackling I may faſt ſtick,
Though I ſhould loſe my ears like *Baſtwick:*
Though they ſhould tie me heel and neck faſt,
Its requiſite I take my breakfaſt.

This ſaid, his budget he unlooſeth,
And all the wealth within diſcloſeth,
Which for variety did ſcorn
The wealthy *Amalthea's horn;*
Or the rich abbey of *St. Lawrence,*
Or cabin of the *Duke* of *Florence;*
Juſt like the pocks of *Graham* and *Guthry,*
It was his *veſtry* and his *buttry,*
His *larder* and his *bibliothec.*
There lies of oat-meal near a peck,
With water's help which girdles hot bakes,
And turns to bannocks and to oat cakes:
There a piece beef, there a piece cheeſe lies,
And there an old night cap of frieze lies,
His head attire when he the houſe keeps,
On which now here and there a louſe creeps;
Here lies a pair of ſhoes ne'er put on,
And there lies a poor man of mutton:
There lies half dozen ells of pig-tail,
There his panaſh, a capon's big tail,
With white in middle ſhining ſtar-like,
And there be onion heads and garlic,
The food of Turkiſh janizaries:
There turpentine and larie berries,

His medicine for paſſage ſweer,
That for the van, theſe for the rear:
And there a piece of powder'd fiſh lies,
And there ſome butter in a diſh lies:
There turnips thirty inch about lies,
And there ſome pepper in a clout lies:
There Fingram ſtockings ſpun on rocks lies,
And there his ſneezing mill and box lies:
There lies his elſon and his lingle,
Which double-ſol'd ſhoes makes of ſingle,
With help of old pieces of leather:
There lies ſome wool that he did gather,
Left by the ſheep as certain pledges
They were entangled in the hedges:
There clouts and papers little mugs ſtops,
As in apothecaries drug ſhops,
With vinegar and oil for ſallads:
And there lies books, and here lies ballads;
As *Davie Lindſay*, and *Gray Steel*,
Squire Meldrum, *Bewis*, and *Adam Bell*:
There *Bruce* and *Wallace*, fierce-like Mars knights,
There lies *dialogues* which his arſe dights:
There *Laſt Good Night*, and *Chevy Chaſe*,
With *Gens d' Arms* in the frontiſpiece,
Which makes more weep when they read on it,
Than curates ſermons, fie upon it!
And there lies bands, ſhirts, and cravats,
There two three ſkins of lambs and rabbits,

For to commence a London trade,
And this was all the wealth he had.
But pardon me, I had forgot,
There was ſome other thing I wot,
I think it powder was and lead,
To ſhoot the biſhop through the head.
He takes a bible with cov'ring worn off,
And ending and beginning torn off,
He reads, and then he ſays the grace,
Then to his victuals falls apace.
When firſt bit ſcarce down throat was ſliding,
Within a day's march of the midding,
Then he a multitude eſpies,
Approaching him with ſhouts and cries:
He leaves his victuals, falls a-gazing,
Juſt like a tupp when he's a-grazing.
When folks come by he ſlights his food,
Stares in their face and chews his cud.
He thought theſe fools came out to meet him,
That firſt they might ſalute and greet him,
That afterwards they might him bring
With greater pomp unto the king:
Such honour at their entry hours,
Are due unto ambaſſadors.
Both duſt and ſweat from face he rubs off,
A looking-glaſs he makes the dubs of:
He trims his beard, and then his head too,
Rights baſket-hilt on ſhoulder-blade too;

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His hands he waſhes, pairs his nails,
Takes his panaſh of capons tails,
Which he pins on before his hat;
He put about a clean cravat;
And then upon his hands he ſtretches
Two yellow gloves, with green ſilk ſtitch
Leaps to his horſe, and on he went,
To take and give the compliment,
While hips excoriate made him ſwaddle
Through all the corners of the ſaddle.
When he the multitude approaches,
His eyes he fix'd firſt on the coaches,
Ranged like wild-geeſe in a line;
Then cry'd he out, no friend of mine,
If I can hinder, thoſe ſhall enter.
'Tis wonder people ſo ſhould venture,
To break their arms, and legs, and head:
And to disjoint their ſhoulder blades;
Ladies to have their naked breeches
Both view'd and lanced by the leeches,
Which made ſome huſbands forth a tuck
Swearing the rogue would make them c
Thoſe made a lady of our land,
Upon her neck and ſhoulders ſtand,
With a third of half dozen thighs,
Naked erected to the ſkies;
And ere that poſture ſhe was got off,
Many did ſee the thing ye wot of;

Which when they told her, readily
She anſwered, ſhe wonder'd why
They did not kiſs't, and take their leave on't,
It was the laſt ſight they ſhould have on't.
She vow'd thereafter, well I wot,
With her grand-dame to walk a-foot:
When coachmen drinks and horſes ſtumble,
Its hard to miſs a barla-fumble.
Then did he ſeriouſly begin
Well to conſider thoſe within:
He ſoon perceived by their poſtures,
They were no nuns brought up in cloiſters.
To ſhow their legs ſome truſs their laps,
Some throw off ſcarfs to ſhow their paps;
Some maſked were the ſun to keep out,
Which lifting now and then they peep out;
Widows from veils ſet out their noſes,
As ſnails do from their ſhelly houſes;
As they would ſay unto the gallants,
Come, gentlemen, behold our talents!
Come nearer that we may eſpy you,
If ye be ought worth we will buy you;
Where ten to one ſome get a fortune,
As one did with my Lady Norton!
Among the reſt he did eſpy ones,
Whom he conceived to be he-ones:
Thoſe he believed were his mates,
Ambaſſadors of kings and ſtates,

To do him honour at his entry,
With the nobility and gentry.
He cry'd to them to keep the peace,
And not to wrangle for the place;
For all of them remember'd well,
Of that Bowtad of Bateveile,
Which coſt the lives of brave commanders,
And well nigh loſt his maſter Flanders.
He bids them all take place by lots,
No king had place but he of Scots,
Whoſe royal anceſtors 'tis clear,
Has kept one race two thouſand year;
Whoſe ſucceſſors as yet eſcaped
The tricks of *Pepin* and *Hugh Capet*.
Others are not of that condition,
They're kings but of a late edition:
Though ſome be ſmall and others greater,
Yet who go firſt or laſt no matter;
For all their gold, ſpices, and wines,
They come from interrupted lines.
Being inform'd of his miſtake,
It was to ladies that he ſpake:
What devil they are! reply'd the Squire,
They're men in garb, and in attire;
They've veſts, they've ſwords, they've periwigs,
They tread the meaſure of the gigs;
Juſt like the men their buttocks vaper,
They caſt their gammonds up and caper;

They cajole ladies at the balls too,
And ſtanding piſs againſt the walls too;
They're ſpurr'd and booted when they ride too,
And gallop, when they hunt, aſtride too;
With ſwords and piſtols they fight hard too,
Some have appearance of a beard too;
And which of all's the greateſt wonder,
They lie above—their gallants under.
Me's dames, quoth he, that we may ken
Whether ye women be or men,
Its fit ye open keep before
About a trencher breadth or more;
Ye're monſters if that do not meaſure
The circuits of your holes of pleaſure.
While he was giving this advice,
They all ſurround him in a trice:
All wond'ring at his equipage,
Some aſk'd his horſe's price and age?
If there came ſympathetic ſpeed
From rider's heel, or heel of ſteed?
If there came an enchanting force
To maſter's purſe, from ſkin of horſe?
Some, why no ſpurs his ſides to claw,
And for boots ſev'ral ropes of ſtraw?
Why ſodds for ſaddle, and branks for bridle,
And plaids for ſcarf about his middle?
Some aſked his panaſh's price?
If 'twas a bird of Paradiſe?

Some aſk'd if baſket-hilt and dudgeon,
Had ever ſet a work chirurgeon?
Some jeer'd the long crown of his hat,
Some at his gloves, ſome his cravat;
Aſking more queſtions at once,
Than would have puzzled *John* of *Duns*,
Or *Bonaventure*, or *Socinus*,
Or *Biel*, *Ockam*, or *Aquinas*.
When *Sinan Baſſa* charg'd a hill,
To try his military ſkill,
Though many a grievous wound it got,
By cannon and by muſquet ſhot,
The hill did neither bow nor bend,
Although he charg'd it thrice on end,
But ſtill abode him face to face,
Chooſing to die upon the place,
Rather than turn its back and yield;—
Juſt ſo the ſquire did keep the field,
And bravely did receive their tongue-ſhot,
Juſt as the hill did *Sinan*'s gun-ſhot:
He ſtood as ſenſeleſs as a ſtock is,
Or among raging waves a rock is,
When furiouſly they knock its crown,
To make it break or make it drown.
At laſt he ſaid with ſober grace,
When ye grow hoarſe ye'll hold your peace.
Then fair and ſoftly on he ſtripped;
For like a Spaniard when he's whipped,

He thought it was a great diſgrace,
For to accelerate his pace.
When they him ſaw ſo little troubled,
Then they their queſtions redoubled:
Some aſk'd his errand and his name,
And from what potentate he came?
From Turk, or Sophy, or Mogul,
Who wear much linen on their ſkull?
Or from either Tartarian Cham,
Who of their horſe' hips make a ham?
Or from Pegu, or from Chine,
Or from th' Emperor of Abyſſine?
Or from the Muſcovite or Poll,
Or Dane, whoſe chiefeſt wealth is toll?
Or from the Emperor or the Swede,
Or Hogen-Mogen brotherhood?
From the Savoyard or the Swiſs,
Who apples ſeethes with roaſted geeſe?
From Florentine or Portugueſe,
Or from Morocco or from Feſs?
Or if he came from Spain or France?
Or from ſome Indian Weerowance,
To barter gold and beaver ſkins,
For glaſſes, beads, and knives and pins?
Or from the Preſbyterian Scots,
Who never yet had turn'd their coats,
Did he a Supplication bring,
To put ill counſel from the king;

And that his majeſty would grant
Renewing of the COVENANT:
And had commiſſion for to tell him,
If he refus'd they would compel him?
When thus they preſſed him ſo faſt,
Patience turn'd Fury at the laſt:
Theſe laſt words did him ſo enrage,
He fac'd about and gave a charge;
Then with his tongue out thus he ſtutters,
With face awry like old cheeſe cutters:
You curſed Antichriſtian rabble,
Ye mongrels of the whore of Babel,
Ye ſectaries and cov'nant breakers,
Half cuckold and half cuckold-makers,
For all your flouting and your taunting,
When we went firſt a-covenanting,
Ye did us court, ye did us bribe,
Invited us like Judah's tribe,
To purge your ten tribes of Iſra'l,
From Jeroboam's calf and Baal:
Your money mov'd our conſcience,
To arm ourſelves in your defence.
When our intentions you had got,
And by our means had under foot
Trod all your foes, and them defeated,
At laſt we found we were but cheated.
Your quarrel was pretended bondage,
By reaſon of *tunnage* and of *poundage*,

To get *militia* by law,
To keep his majeſty in awe,
To free yourſelves when money waxes,
From inquiſitions and taxes:
Your only end was ſelf enriching,
Your ſole religion was your kitching;
You valu'd puddings ſod in pocks,
More than religion orthodox;
Where as we witneſs, God and angels,
Prophets, apoſtles, and evangels,
For traſh or any earthly thing,
We never did oppoſe the king:
Yea, all of us, both great and ſmall,
Will quit him lives and lands, and all,
So he give way to purge the temple,
As pleaſeth *Mr. Gabriel Semple.*
He ſpoke ſo thick, he paus'd a little,
And having cleans'd his beard from ſpittle,
Like *Tindal* at the ſtake he cries,
Lord open the King of England's eyes,
And then his majeſty will grant
Renewing of the COVENANT.
Thus did he perorate his fliting,
As at Tarentum's ſpiders biting,
They were affected thereanent,
According to their temperament:
Sanguinians did only laugh,
Choleric Melancholians chaff:

Some bade hang him, ſome bade ſtone him,
And ſome did maſtives hunt upon him:
Some *Daple* under tail did prick,
And made him bounce and leap and kick:
Some aim'd to tear his ſtraw gramaſhes,
Some cries have at beard and muſtaches:
Some graſped him about the middle,
Till bum did ſound like gambo fiddle:
Some would have breeches down to whip him
Some with their nails would tear and nip him
Some with briars and thorns would ſcratch him
One fearing that they would diſpatch him,
Who was a man more moderate,
He made a court'ſy with his hat,
And begged leave to plead his cauſe,
According to the nation's laws.
Contending with a fooliſh tongue,
Quoth he, is but a war with dung:
Though in the ſtrife we prove victorious,
Dirt makes our finger ends inglorious,
As lately happen'd unto one,
Who needs would quarrel *Sanderſon*,
And prove he was a lying knave,
Of which what credit could he have;
When he had done he prov'd no more,
Than all the world knew before.
To take ſuch pains imports as much,
As any doubted he were ſuch:

Refuting ſuch as he with words,
Is like Canary waſhing t——;
The wine in taſte and hue grows meaner,
But t—— grow ne'er a whit the cleaner.
This ſimile though ſomewhat rude,
Yet ſo appeas'd the multitude,
That by degrees their clamour fell,
Like ſound of luteſtring or of bell,
When thumb or hammer of a clock
Gives the epilogizing ſtroke:
And in the end theſe furious criers
Stood ſilent like *obſervant friars*,
Or like to dumbies making ſigns,
Or like to fiddles wanting ſtrings,
Or like to ſalmons or to cods,
Or Turks when they took in the *Rhodes*.
Then piece and piece they dropt away,
As ripe plumbs in a rainy day;
Till in the end they all were gone,
And left him ſtanding all alone.
Like as we do obſerve and ſee,
In thoſe who are condemn'd to die,
That they are ſore annoy'd and troubled,
At firſt when they caſt off their doublet,
Truſs up their hair, their eyes blindfold,
That they may not grim death behold,
Thinking their neck the ſtroke is hard on,
If any tell them of a pardon:

Although their heart be lighted ſomewhat,
Yet fear and hope ſtill fight a combat,
Till that they hear the air to ring,
With clamours of—'God ſave the king:'
Then hope triumphs and fear doth vaniſh,
Like grief when its expell'd by Spaniſh:—
Juſt ſo the Squire, when all at once
They him oppreſs'd with fiſts and ſtones,
A gelid fear his heart poſſeſs'd,
His final hour approach'd he gueſs'd;
Trembling he ſtood in a quandary,
And purg'd as he had eaten larie,
As was confirmed by the ſpeeches
Of thoſe who, after, waſh'd his breeches.
When he perceived the retreat,
That flight, quoth he, is but a cheat,
Like that of Greeks, for to deſtroy
An ancient city called Troy,
By help of that tree horſe of *Pallas:*
It is ſome ſtratagem of *Wallace,*
Who, in a pig-man's weed at Biggar,
Eſpied all the Engliſh leaguer.
But when he found by certain trial,
The retreat was not forg'd, but real,
Then did he reſolution ſhow,
And like a cock began to crow.
One man, quoth he, oft-times hath ſtood,
And put to flight a multitude,

Like *Sampſon*, *Wallace*, and *Sir Bewis*,
And *Finmacoul*, beſide the *Lewis*,
Who in a bucking time of year,
Did rout and chaſe a herd of deer,
Till be behind, and they before,
Did run a hundred miles and more,
Which, queſtionleſs, prejudg'd his toes,
For *red-ſhanks* then did wear no ſhoes;
For to this day they wear but calf ones,
Or, if old leather, half ones.
He chaſed them ſo furiouſly,
That they were forc'd to take the ſea;
And ſwam from Cowel into Arran,
In which ſoil though it be but barren,
As learned antiquaries ſay,
Their offspring lives unto this day.
But pardon me for ſuch digreſſions;
For, were it not for ſuch expreſſions,
Which from the muſes we extort,
Our poems would be very ſhort.

Then did the Squire obteſt and pray,
And them conjur'd that they would ſtay,
For he had quarrel againſt none,
But *Ralph* the ſquire, and *Sanderſon*;
Which two, as every body knows,
Are Preſbyterians mortal foes.
Th' one calls them bears by allegory;
That other fellow wrote a ſtory,

In which he doth them ſcandalize ſo,
That all the devils bluſh,—he lies ſo:
Thinking it would be liked well,
He ſent a copy into hell,
To be perus'd in a committee;
Then ſaid a devil which was witty,
It ſerves for nothing, tell the fool,
But to be napkins at the ſtool,
When men exonerate their tripes,
Or lighting of tobacco pipes;
For hell's affairs are ne'er achiev'd
By railing fools, of none believ'd:
Hell's fitteſt agents, as all grants,
Are thoſe who are reputed ſaints.
And thus he made an end of praying.
Then all began to think of ſtaying,
And one another did exhort,
For to return and ſee the ſport;
But *Sanderſon* appeared not:
Stout *Ralph* affrighted not a jot,
Bravely and reſolutely did fall up,
Firſt at the trot, then at the gallop,
Juſt as the Hugonots victorious,
At Courtras charg'd the Duke of Joyeuſe,
And was upon him ere he wiſt,
Menacing him with tongue and fiſt,
With all the rabble in his rear,
Who followed him to ſee and hear.

The Squire who only ſpoke in jeſt,
Seeing what he expected leaſt,
He thought they verily were gone,
And that the ſtorm was over blown,
Surpriſed with the ſudden danger
Of *Ralph* in ſuch a furious anger,
Whom he thought did already ſpurn him,
He knew not to what hand to turn him:
At laſt his tongue and teeth commences,
To vent adages and ſentences.
It is a ſaying wiſe and old,
Quoth he, to make a bridge of gold
To fleeing enemies: its beſt
To let a ſleeping maſtiff reſt,
Leſt he awaken'd with our knockings,
Tear all our breeches and our ſtockings,
And to the boot our ſhin-bones hole up,
And from our buttocks take a collop:
And with his furious teeth our throats cut,
Down which we watered meal of oats put;
Which we prefer, with Loch-Broom herring,
To all the king of Babel's faring.
A fooliſh tongue, without remeed,
Bring's miſchief on the owner's head,
It is a peſtilentious clout,
Cauſing contagion all about:
It raiſeth jealouſies and fears,
Yokes kings and ſubjects by the ears.

What was it elſe but tittle tattle,
That brought our brethren out to battle?
What ſtops them more from turning loyal,
Than tongues of ſome eſteemed royal?
With which they perſecute thoſe poor ſouls,
As ſetting-dogs do pouts and moor-fowls:
At laſt within their nets enſnared,
And from all hope of pardon barred,
They force thoſe poor men, under hand,
Still to rebel, to get their land.
My tongue will bring me to that paſs,
Quoth he, to which was *Hudibras*,
Who when with honour he had got off,
In the adventure that ye wot of,
He not content, but ſeeking more,
Loſt all that he had gain'd before,
And was brought to a priſon tragic,
In wooden caſtle made by magic;
Where he, too late, laments his miſhaps,
As ladies when they do not miſs claps,
From gallants of their own procuring,
From huſbands when they go a-whoring.
Having diſpatch'd this Phrygian wiſdom,
Like malefactor getting his doom,
He ſtrained what he could, to ſhow
'A tres bon mein en mauvais Jeu.'
He out with baſket-hilt, and dudgeon,
(While from his eyes came a deluge on,

As from the eyes of children whipped,
Or ſore horſe' eyes with vitriol nipped),
Stands at his poſture, fencer-like,
And was within an ace to ſtrike;
Yet on the ſudden doth adviſe,
To take a courſe by far more wiſe.
  Wiſe men, quoth he, as all men knows,
Try all things firſt ere they try blows.
When Rome to conquer all was haſting,
Peace was the firſt, war was the laſt thing
They did practiſe, to ſubdue nations
Who loved not ſuch innovations.
If I the truth of ſtory miſs not,
This is the *cardo* of the diſpute.
And if my reaſons do no good,
I'll dye their breeches with their blood:
But this within himſelf he mutters,
And then thoſe words to *Ralph* he utters:
  What means this furious hurly burly?
Friend *Ralph*, quoth he, I tell thee ſurely,
I am no private man; believe—
I am a *repreſentative*.—
To force me to degladiations,
Is contrair to the law of nations:
Though thou ſhould me bang back and ſide,
I could it (honour ſafe) abide.
Brave *Mansfield* challeng'd by *Baumaris*,
Refuſed once to fight at Paris,

Becauſe he did negotiate,
With public truſt, affairs of ſtate.
The Spaniſh agent *Don Henriques*,
Put up a great affront of *Criques*,
Who, once at Rome his pride to daunton,
His noſe ſaluted with a panton.
Doſt thou eſteem me ſuch a coward,
To be afraid of one as thou art?
Thy threat'nings are like childrens ſquibs,
Though they ſinge clothes they break no ribs:
Were it not that my ſword is ruſted,
Were it not that I am entruſted
With things of ſuch a high concernment,
As Preſbyterian church-government,
For all thy frownings and thy cloudings,
I would ſend ſun-ſhine through thy puddings.
I do thee as a friend adviſe,
('Tis better ſoon than late be wiſe),
That thou would let alone this ſword-fight,
And grapple with me in a word-fight;
Let's try who others beſt can confute,
This is the *cardo* of the diſpute,
If ſynod members, and church-wardens
Be bears, and ſynods be bear-gardens?
Thou doſt affirm, I do deny,
Prov'd if thou can, I thee defy.
One might have known by *Ralpho*'s face,
He lov'd not war ſo well as peace,

He only counterfeited courage,
His wrath, teeth-forward, was no true rage;
Yet he his paſſion ſo diſſembled,
That Squire at firſt both ſhak'd and trembled.
But when he heard the Squire ſpeak big words,
That in his belly he would dig ſwords,
He looked then as if his noſe bled;
And ſuch a flea within his hoſe had,
That in his mind was great confuſion,
Till he conſider'd the concluſion,
Where peace was offer'd, and the war gone,
He gave God thanks like Praiſe-God *Barebone:*
A good heart to himſelf he took then,
And theſe ſame very words he ſpoke then,
Which once the Great Turk *Solymanus*
Spoke to *Vilerius Liladamus;*
Having him under at ſuch odds,
That he was forc'd to quit the Rhodes.
I'm glad to hear that now thy mind
Is more to peace than war inclin'd;
Then adds he, fighting is a fool thing,
What doth it elſe but ſturt and dool bring:
Its better tongues decide the matter,
Than others noddles pelt and batter;
Now others back, now others dock hit,
As feather'd fencers do in cock-pit.
Who fights but in their own defences,
Let them be kings, let them be princes,

By law and reaſon I them can bind,
That they are enemies to mankind;
As witneſſeth *Sir Thomas Kellie*,
And *Grotius de Jure Belli.*
What are ſuch warriors but oppreſſors?
And many times we ſee aggreſſors,
Who trouble others mens repoſes,
Gain nothing elſe but bloody noſes.
Who quarrels pick with neighbour nations,
Get halberds thruſt through their foundations:
As we may read in many a book,
Of *Charles* that Burgundian duke.
Poor highway-men with tatter'd hoſe, are
Not robbers half ſo great as thoſe are,
Who diadems wear on their head,
And make ſo many living dead,
And ſo much Chriſtian blood miſ-ſpends,
Either for French or Spaniſh ends.
Thoſe firſt, poor rogues, will pick a pocket,
And break a door when its locked,
And on the highway will a purſe take,
When cold and hunger makes their guts ake.
Thoſe latter with their *armies legions*,
Robs kingdoms, caſtles, towns, and regions;
As ſaid two ten tun ſhips commander,
To Macedonian *Alexander*.

But now let us come to the queſtion,
The which was raiſed the conteſt on,

Since thou ſo hard doſt put me to it,
I'll let thee ſee that I can do it;
And have both will and wit to reckon,
And beat thee at thy own tongue weapon.
Better, perhaps, than thou believes,
I'll prove thoſe two affirmatives;
That ſynod members, and church-wardens
Are bears, and ſynods are bear-gardens.
Thus ſaid, his fingers he diſpatches
Unto his head, and winking ſcratches;
Firſt from the van unto the rear,
And then acroſs from ear to ear,
Whilſt like ſagacious hound he traces,
And windeth all the topic places;
Till in the end prepared,—*ſatis*,
He diſputes thus a *comparatis*.
And firſt, quoth he, its clear to all,
They have the ſame original:
For twenty ſhillings to a bodle,
Both are the birth of human noddle;
Both are in that degree of kin,
As other brethren *uterine*.
Its certain there is never a word
Of either, in Scripture, on record;
And, without queſtion and all doubt,
Thus bear-baiting may be made out
By holy writ, as lawful as is
That chain of Preſbyterian *claſſis*.

This for their birth ;—now for their nature
If with deliberation mature
The caſe we ponder, beaſts of prey
And rapine, as are bears, are they,
Who do eſtabliſh goſpel order,
By rapine, ſacrilege, and murder.
What are their orders, conſtitutions,
Church-cenſures, curſes, abſolutions,
But ſev'ral myſtic chains they make,
To tie poor Chriſtians to the ſtake ;
And then ſet heathen officers,
Inſtead of dogs about their ears.
What elſe are ſynods but bear-gardens,
Where elders, deputies, church-wardens,
And other members of the court,
Manage the Babyloniſh ſport ;
For prolocutor, ſcribe, and bear-ward,
Do differ only in a mere word ;
Both are but ſev'ral ſynagogues
Of carnal men, and bears and dogs ;
Both antichriſtian aſſemblies,
To miſchief bent as far's in them lies ;
Both ſtrive and rail with fierce conteſts,
The one with men, the other beaſts :
The diff'rence is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth ;
And that they bait but bears in this,
In th' other ſouls and conſciences.

This to the prophet did appear,
Who in a viſion ſaw a bear,
Prefiguring the beaſtly rage
Of church-rule in this latter age,
Where ev'ry hamlet is governed
By's Holineſs, the Church's head;
More haughty and ſevere in's place,
Than *Hildebrand* or *Boniface*.
Such church muſt ſurely be a monſter,
With many heads; for if we conſter
What in th' Apocalypſe we find,
According to th' apoſtle's mind,
'Tis that the whore of Babylon,
With many heads, did ride upon.
The paſtors who do rule this kirk,
What are they but the handy-work
Of mens mechanic paws? inſtilling
Divinity in them by feeling:
From whence they ſtart up choſen veſſels,
As folks, by touching, get the meaſles:
So cardinals, they ſay, do grope
At th' other end, the new-made Pope.
Bell and the Dragon's chaplains were
More moderate than them by far:
For they, poor knaves, were glad to cheat,
To get their wives and children meat;
But thoſe will not be fob'd off ſo,
They muſt have wealth and power too,

Or elſe they'll make their party good,
By making nations ſwim in blood.
And thus I reaſoned the caſe
Once with my maſter, *Hudibras*;
All that I ſaid was too prolix
Here to repeat, I only fix
Upon the marrow, with a few words:
What thou haſt ſaid's not worth two cow t—,
Reply'd the Squire, and then he ſmites
Forehead with fiſt to rouſe his wits,
Which ſtraight did take th' alarm ſo hot,
That down to tongue and teeth they got:
From whence, thus worded, out they flie,
Like bullets from artillery.
Ye ſectaries, quoth he, have bee heads,
They prat as *Cerberus* with three heads,
Neither of which barks any bon-ſenſe,
But railing, blaſphemy, and nonſenſe,
Thou'rt ignorant in logic's art,
As I will ſhow thee ere we part.
But to the point now I will cloſe,
And reaſon διαλητικως.
And firſt, I ſay for my defence,
Thy argument wants conſequence;
Though things agree to both together,
It follows not the one's the other.
Affirmatives in ſecond figure,
Nothing conclude in logic's leaguer,

Which any conſtant man believes,
So we may prove financiers thieves,
Cameleons beef and cabbage eaters,
And lawyers and phyſicians—cheaters;
That horſe are men, and owls are ounces,
That privy-counſellors are dunces;
That chamber-pots are looking-glaſſes,
And ſenators of juſtice—aſſes;
That colleges, and muſes caverns,
Are bawdy houſes turn'd, and taverns;
That ſtews are places of contrition,
And pulpits trumpets of ſedition;
And *Merlin*'s prophecies evangels,
And *Dee*'s ſpirits holy angels;
That all new ſcurvies are the pox,
That Quakers books are orthodox;
That roaſted wild-cat is fed lamb,
That Greſham college is a bedlam;
Moſt of our firſt reformers bad men,
And all the Houſe of Commons mad men;
That tallow cakes are ambergreaſe,
That ſun and moon are Cheſhire cheeſe;
And Whigs as loyal in opinions,
As any of the king's dominions.

This for thy form, now for thy matter:
Thou rails on ſome, others to flatter:
Thy *mediums* ſeeming true yet falſe are,
As turnips growing in the Paltzar,

Thy fallacy conſiſts in this,
Thou mak'ſt a cauſe where no cauſe is.
Children are teached in the ſchools,
Who reaſon ſo they are but fools.
Was never yet a reformation
Of church in any age or nation,
But ſtill the devil to make it vain,
The utmoſt of his wits doth ſtrain:
He beats all hell up with a tabor,
To make reformers loſe their labour.
When firſt he ſees he doth no good,
By perſecution and blood;
By ſeeming ſheep and yet but goats,
By weeds appearing wheat and oats;
By ſeeming diamonds, yet but glaſs,
By ſeeming gold and yet but braſs;
By ſerpents in appearance fiſh,
By ſilver bottles fill'd with piſh;
By ſaints without and fiends within,
He ſtrives the cauſe to undermine;
As is recorded in the pages
Of ſtories written in all ages.
When Chriſt appeared, came a *Theudas*,
And with *St. Peter* came a *Judas*;
With *Luther*, *Rotmans*, *Knipper-dolings*,
Who troubled Munſter with their foolings;
David Georges, *Johns* of Leyden,
As is at large deſcrib'd by *Sleyden*.

When *Calvin* came then came *Socinians;*
When *Perkins* came then came *Arminians;*
With *Henderſons*, and *Cants*, and *Trails*,
Came ſome who whiſked ladies tails.
Who for ſuch take us are to blame, as
One would revile *St. Paul* for *Demas:*
And others alſo came, to wit,
Thoſe locuſts of th' infernal pit,
Who ſeem'd at firſt all cov'nant-takers,
But ſtraight turn'd Anabaptiſts, Quakers,
Artemonites, Photinians,
Servetians, Socinians,
Manicheans, Novatians,
Sceptics and Carpocratians;
Prochanits, Sebellians,
Setheans, Circumcellians;
Herodians, Herminians,
Simonians, Arminians,
Docitheans, Menandrians,
Eunomeans, Caſſandrians,
Eutychians, Neſtorians,
And *Doctor Henry Morians;*
Noetians and Marcionitæ,
Gnoſtics and Anthropomorphitæ,
Gortheans and Calphurnitans,
And *Mr. Gilbert Burnetans;*
Meletians and Arians,
And Antiſabbatarians;

Helvidians, Cainians,
Coluthians, Agrippinians,
Some Chiliaſts and Lampetians,
Some prove Melchiſedecians;
Cleobians, Florinians,
And ſome prove Maximinians;
Abelians, Thebuſians,
Ophitæ and Pepuſians;
Rhetorians, Quintilianiſts,
Circoteriſts, Priſcilianiſts,
Eucratits, Hermogenians,
Marians and Origenians;
Cerinthians and Alogians,
Some half, ſome whole Pelagians;
Some Antitactæ, ſome Montenſes,
Aſcitæ ſome, ſome Royatenſes;
Some Donatiſts, Voleſians,
Some Archontics, ſome Aetians,
And ſome turn Theodotians;
Taſcodorongits, Nepotians,
And ſome diſciples turn'd of *Brou*
Who firſt infected ev'ry town;
Doritheans and Fratricels,
Some Neiloriſts with hood and bell
Some Tranſilvanian Tritheitæ,
Who, once made drunk with aquav
With fiſts *Alſtedius* did belabour,
And tore the beard of *Bethlehem-G*

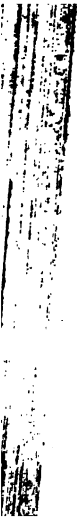
Some Adamites, who as the ſpeech is,
Caſt off their petticoats and breeches;
Some other heretics more groſs,
Deſcrib'd by *Alexander Roſs*;
For which at preſent I want time,
And though I had I have not rhyme.
That thy bear ſimile may jump,
Thoſe were our tails, that was our rump,
Which from our buttocks being broke off,
Did all theſe horrid things you ſpoke of.
But if thou ſtill inſiſt to rail,
Saying we did them with our tail,
That cavil's very quickly put off,
'Twas with our tails when they were cut off.
If with my cut-off arms and legs,
Thou biſhops noddles cruſh like eggs,
Not I, late owner of the ſame,
But thou who ſtrikes, muſt bear the blame.
Its true, indeed, at the beginning
We ſmelled thoſe things were a-ſpinning;
But who leads ladies through the ſtreets,
Expecting favour within ſheets,
Coming to places, fie upon't!
Where none but one can paſs in front,
So barricado'd is the way,
With empty'd privies, mire, and clay:
If they find no clean place to ſtand on,
Yet ere their miſtreſs they abandon,

Through dung they march like a bold fellow,
Till ſhoes and ſtockings grow gold yellow.
This is our caſe if I have ſkill,
Make the *apodoſis* who will,
The ſum is, in the end, we mean well,
Though means we us'd cannot ſuſtain well.
Whereas thou ſay'ſt, 'our conſtitutions,
'Church-cenſures, curſes, abſolutions,
'Are ſev'ral myſtic chains we make,
'To tie poor Chriſtians to the ſtake;
'And then ſet heathen officers,
'Inſtead of dogs about their ears.'
At all thou doſt not prove the queſtion,
The which was raiſed the conteſt on,
Madneſs within thy brains hath far got,
Proving them bears thou prov'ſt they are not.
Whoever yet did ſee or hear,
That bears yok'd dogs upon a bear;
As ſaid thy maſter that brave man too,
Who reaſon'd better than I can do,
If ſynod members, and church-wardens
Be no bears, ſynods no bear-gardens
Are, as to theſe is evident,—*ſatis*,
Who reaſon can a *conjugatis*.
Thus worſe than any man believes,
Thou proves theſe two affirmatives:
And after thou haſt crack'd ſo crouſe,
Thy mountains do bring forth a mouſe.

Whereas thou Preſbyt'ry doſt conſter
To be the *Apocalyptic* monſter,
Likewiſe to be this very bear
Which to this prophet did appear,
Prefiguring the beaſtly rage
Of church rule in this latter age.
Thou doſt interpret Scriptures oddly,
That thou may'ſt rail upon the Godly:
A Scripturiſt, thou prov'ſt, as he was,
In whoſe fool bonnet-caſe a bee was,
Who needs would Preſbyt'ry have the cabal,
Decypher'd of the whore of Babel;
The antichriſt which ſaints' blood ſpilled,
And *Enoch* and *Elias* killed.
He was ſo mad he thought no ſhame
Thoſe very murder'd ſaints to name:
Its ſure he either was diſtracted,
Or on a ſtage the fool he acted.
I'm confident, and do believe,
If theſe two brave men were alive,
They would get bedlam for their pains,
Who hatch ſuch gloſſes in their brains.
Its lamentable, many deem,
None love the king but who blaſpheme,
And ſtill make holy writ the ſcale, on
Which they take meaſures for to rail on.
Preſbyt'ry for the king more ſtout, as
Thoſe whom the very children flout, as

Champions, who, though tongue-valiant,
Yet meeting with a fierce aſſailant,
Though with their tongue they take his part,
Their actions are not worth a fart.
They may well drink his health in taverns,
And ſpeak big words in holes and caverns,
Deviſing ſtories, lies, and fables,
Call his moſt loyal ſubjects rebels;
But when they come to blows and knocks,
They face about and turn their docks,
Runs to their bottle which they mind moſt,
Crying, the devil take the hindmoſt.
Where thou ſay'ſt 'Preachers of our kirk,
'And paſtors, are the handy-work
'Of mens mechanic paws, inſtilling
'Divinity in them by feeling:
'From whence they ſtart up choſen veſſels,
'As men, by touch, get itch and meaſles.'
I ſee not clearly what thou mean'ſt here,
I think thou blaſphemy ſuſtains here:
This with our church monomachy,
Ends with a gigantomachy.
Firſt, having fall'n on her out-works,
Or hedge, thy fancy round about works,
Till in the end thou find occaſion,
Thinking ſhe can make no evaſion,
Then thou with this blaſphemous dart
Thinks for to ſhoot her through the heart:

Like malefactor ty'd to poſt,
By railing on the Holy Ghoſt,
The author of *manual impoſition*,
By text expreſs, and by tradition,
Thy own and other ſouls deluding,
By ſuch profane ſimilituding.
No *Porphyry*, *Julian*, or *Celſus*,
As all the ancient ſtories tells us,
The Chriſtian faith blaſphem'd as thou doth,
And others like thee, not a few doth,
Who bred out of the peccant humours,
Of this our church, like wens and tumors;
Like maggots bred within a ſore,
Would that which gave them life, devour.
Thou'lt ſay theſe laſt four lines were ſtol'n.—
I anſwer with that *red-ſhank* ſullen,
Once challenged for ſtealing beef,
I ſtole then from another thief.
Now ſince thy ſophiſtry's confuted,
I end,—to have my legs recruited.
When *Ralph* intended to reply,
His voice was drowned with a cry,
Of thoſe contending who the better
Had of the champions; ſome, the latter,
Some, the firſt, and ſome ſaid neither,
And ſome affirm'd they knew not whether.
There was amongſt the reſt a fellow,
Of ſwarthy hue, inclin'd to yellow;



... he ſaid was to ſerv
Some think he meant anotl
However, he was ſuch a pe
'Twas thought among them
Who better underſtood hov
What rumps and Preſbyt'ri
And the king's too, its kno
Had ſometime ſerv'd all the
They all conjured (then alo
That he would take the ſpee
And finally decide the matte
Who had the worſt, who hac
Which unto him would be bu
Who under all had made no
At which requeſt the *Cacodæ*
Upon him took to be *Palemon*
While advocates of both the
With earneſt and ...

Others affront with ſuch diſgraces,
And ſo throw dung on others faces.
When thieves reckon its oft-times known,
That honeſt people get their own.
By ſad experience found it was, how
That both theſe parties, *pari paſſu*,
Had ruin brought, and deſolations,
On their own and neighbours nations.
When one the other had o'ercome,
And trod all under foot at home,
Then they ſend out their wooden tow'rs,
To trouble the repoſe of neighbours;
And ſometimes hither, ſometimes thither,
Set Europe by the ears together,
That troubled with their mutual factions,
They might not pry into their actions,
Which were as all the world doth ken,
Abhorred both by God and men:
Nought more ſecureth deſp'rate matters,
Than fiſhing doth in troubled waters.
By ſuch like policy and ſlight,
They brought their pow'r to ſuch a height,
That Denmark, Holland, France, and Spain,
And Sweden, did ſtrive with might and main,
With humble and ſubmiſſive ſpeeches,
To get the firſt kiſs of their breeches:
They brought upon all ſuch a terror,
All ſeem'd to idolize their error.

That's eyes both ſpa
Like wolf or wild-c
Its known thou didſt
But yet not ſo much
To make us ſtill und
Which was remov'd
To proſp'ring king, l
Still traitor to him w
When thou at playing
Has got inheritance a
Thou tak'ſt upon thee
And like a fox to lam
That both of us did d
And ruin bring upon t
I anſwer, both did miſ
We by miſtake

To pull them chesnuts from the fire,
And wealth and pow'r to them acquire,
By which they did all Europe toss,
While we got infamy and loss.
Though I should teeth beat like a tabor,
With tongue I fear I lose my labour.
We by experience do find,
That a proud, stubborn, froward mind,
With prejudice intoxicated,
Can hardly be indoctrinated;
And yet my labour's not miss-spent.
If any be indifferent,
They'll find as sun doth shine in clear day,
That we were only rogues by hear-say;
But fools, indeed, which we will mend,
When we grow wiser,—there's an end.
But now I straight will to the king,
Discharge the message which I bring,
Perhaps his majesty will grant,
If well informed what we want:
However, hope, he will not fail
To hear till I tell out my tale.
Though others foam, and fret and chaff,
I hope his majesty will laugh.
  Having thus spoke his horse he switches,
First on the snout, then on the breeches,
Who, half asleep, at last was got
With much difficulty to trot.

Yet ſometimes paus'd he in the middle,
Like thoſe who beat time to a fiddle,
With reſt alternative, and motion,
The Squire rides on with great devotion,
Till he came to his journey's end;—
H' alights, and doth not long attend,
When ſome there came who did him bring
Straight to the preſence of the king,
Whom he eſpying, bow'd his knee,
And ſaid,—If't pleaſe your majeſty—
The ſun indiff'rently on all ſhines,
As well on low ſhrubs as on tall pines,
God hears the cries of rich and poor:—
Wiſe *Solomon*, to right a whore,
Reſolv'd a doubt to all mens wonder,
Feigning to cleave the child a ſunder.—
Your majeſty's wiſdom inherent,
And goodneſs, who art God's vicegerent,
Will not diſdain to hear complaints
Of us, though but rejectaments.—
Ye'll hear me, Sir, defend our cauſe,
Though it be contrair to the laws,
That ye may ſolve that gordian knot,
If we be rebels, and if not;
If we be fools, wh' affirms we're neither,
He is a liar though my father.
I'll uſe no ſpeech with art beſprinkled,
Like fairding on a face that's wrinkled;

Without rhetoricating fond ſhows,
While I ſpeak, Sir, as't in the ground grows,
If ye a gracious ear afford,
Shame fall me if I lie a word.
Moſt men affirm, they do not ſee what
We Non-conformiſts now would be at;
That we're more ſunder'd in opinions,
Than are the king of Spain's dominions;
Than gazers on the late new ſtar were,
Than the commanders at Dunbar were;
Than lawyers and phyſicians counſels,
Than wives who kail and herbs in town ſells;
Canvaſſing things in church and ſtate,
When drink has ſet aloft our pate.
Where once w' agree three times we ſquabble,
As doth a bag-pipe's baſe and treble.
One fears that which another hopes for,
Like cardinals when they make popes, or
Like heirs of line or heirs of tailzies,
Or guild or tradeſmen making bailies.
Now whether theſe be rants and flaws,
Devis'd, Sir, to defame our cauſe,
Or whether there be ſomething in it,
Hear out my tale, now I begin it.
If I conjecture not amiſs,
The marrow of the matter's this:
Some while ago, Sir, I was ſent,
Your majeſty to compliment,

To beg ſome preachers which we wanted;
But ere I came, Sir, they were granted:
When all expected thanks moſt hearty,
To you from all the Godly party,
I was informed by a letter,
We're grown the devil a whit the better:
Our old blind zeal within us ſtill bides,
We haunt conventicles on hill ſides,
Gives to our preachers blows and knocks,
For which we're put in ir'ns and ſtocks.
I wondered what the matter meant,
I thought, Sir, that the devil was in't.
At length I was inform'd of new,
The fault was only of a few,
Not of us all; and theſe we ken
Have ever been *John Thomſon*'s men,
That is, ſtill ruled by their wives,
Who carping at ſome preachers lives,
And reading their erroneous books,
Oppugning doctrine orthodox,
Cry'd out, Profanity and Atheiſm,
Groſs Popery and Arminianiſm,
Is brought upon us by the prelates.
With ſuch expreſſions theſe ſhe-zealots
Wrought ſo upon their huſbands fancy,
That they from fever fell to frenzy,
Threw at their preachers ſtones and clods,
As ſetters up of other gods;

As *Baal, Beelzebub*, and *Dagon*,
The Apocalyptic whore and dragon.
Though ſuch proceedings be half treaſon,
Yet to inform you there is reaſon,
If any introduce the ſchiſm
Of Pop'ry or Arminianiſm.
That popes, Sir, are moſt dang'rous things,
To princes, emperors, and kings:
They ſet their feet upon their neck,
They make them, Sir, kneel down and beck,
To hold the ſtirrup when they ride,
And run like lacqueys at their ſide:
They make them bow down mouth and noſe,
To kiſs and ſmell their ſweaty toes;
Makes them ſtand bare-foot at their gates,
And buy their peace at monſtrous rates.
They muſt have from them power all,
Both ſp'ritual and temporal,
Or they'll hunt men to cut their throats,
And blow them up with powder plots,
As both your grandfathers can tell;
Yea, they will curſe their ſouls to hell,
And give their kingdoms to another,
Who pays moſt to their baſtard's mother.
Its long ſince for the Holy Ghoſt,
At Rome *Olympias* rul'd the roaſt;
Who think the practice far more ſweeter,
Of *Simon Magus* than *Simon Peter*.

That I ſpeak truth, Sir, within meaſure,
Appears by *Don Olympia*'s treaſure :
The next ſucceſſor of *St. Peter*
Thought he could take a courſe no fitter,
Than part the Simoniac pelf,
And take the one half to himſelf.
Then ſaid one, though a conclave brother,
It went from one thief to another.
Strange any orthodox divine,
Should doubt who is the Man of Sin ;
Which, queſtionleſs, they had not done,
If they had read on *Paul* and *John*,
Who paints him in their prophecies,
As they had ſeen him with their eyes.
Whate'er divine of your dominions
Vents to the world ſuch opinions,
Let them be gold, let them be glaſs,
A ſerpent lurks within the graſs.
'Tis thought the Earl of Wiltſhire's ſpaniel
Knew Antichriſt, foretold by *Daniel*,
And *Paul*, and *John*, better than they
Who ſtudy Scripture ev'ry day :
When that the Pope held out his foot,
For to be kiſſed round about,
Wond'ring to ſee the carl ſo vain,
He ſnatch'd it till he piſs'd again.
Thus much of thoſe erroneous books,
Oppugning doctrine orthodox.

Next, Sir, as for thoſe preachers lives,
So much cry'd out on by our wives,
All the account that I can give on't,
Is, that my minnie hath the lave on't.
I wiſh them keep a ſober diet,
Or if they drink, Sir, keep it quiet.
If openly they haunt the brewers,
We'll not ſecure them from ſtone-throwers.
We cannot help it for our life,
Sir, who can rule a lawleſs wife?
To make a wilful wife her fits mend,
Would put yourſelf, Sir, to your wit's end.
Though they cauſe whip 'em through the town,
Though they 'em hang, though they 'em drown,
Seeing prieſts drunk at third bell ringing,
They'll up with ſtones and fall a ſlinging.
And thus, Sir, I have ſhow'd you how
The fault is only of a few,
And not of all; and their defence
Is, that they follow conſcience.
If it be ſo, by biſhops leaves,
They cannot well be called knaves:
Whate'er they be, it may be ſaid,
Knaves never yet a conſcience had.
And that a greater ſlander refels,
If they be no knaves they're no rebels:
A doubt any logician can
A rebel prove an honeſt man.

What are they then? we need n' adviſe,
They're poor folks, large as daft as wiſe.
If they be ſuch, and wiſh you well,
As others of their actions tell,
When in the Engliſh troopers faces
They you remember'd in their graces;
That there may be a ſolid peace,
Remove the cauſe, th' effect will ceaſe.
Take notice of thoſe whimſey books,
Which in effect are heterodox.
If once thoſe preachers mend their lives,
There will be no ſtone-throwing wives,
Forbid them ſcandalize the leidges,
By drinking healths to ports and bridges,
To whore of Babel, and to gigs,
And to prevent complaints of Whigs,
To ſcratch their ſkin, cut caps and clothes,
And ſwear 'twas Whigs, with monſtrous oaths.
But ſee misfortune and miſhap,
For ſcratch of ſkin and cut of cap,
Examined to ſtricteſt rigours,
Had different geometric figures.
Though cap was hither mov'd and thither,
The wounds could ne'er agree together.
Such ſcandal makes the goſpel ſtink.—
Such books and prieſts remov'd, I think
We'll keep the nine and twenty May-day,
On Thurſday, Saturday, or Friday.

On Tueſday, Wedneſday, and Monday,
Or any other day but Sunday.
Yea, Sir, when ye have ought ado,
To hazard lives and fortunes too,
We will be ready at your call,
'Elſe plague of God upon us all.'
Obſerving how they all eſpy'd him,
Chiefly how all the ladies ey'd him,
Was none among them all ſo coy,
Whom he had not made laugh for joy;
Believing of them there was ſcarce one,
That honour'd not his parts and perſon,
He ears begins to prick, and neigh too,
Juſt like a ſton'd horſe in a meadow:
Yet curbing, as he could, his paſſion,
Till he ſhould better learn the faſhion,
He made a congee, and got him down,
To ſee the rar'ties of the town.
How he did viſit Bedlam fool-men,
And diſputed with Greſham ſchool-men:
Diſcourſing of their pigs and whiſtles,
And ſtrange experiments of *muſcles*;
Of *reſurrections* of *rats*,
And of the language us'd by cats,
When in the night they go a cating,
And fall a ſcolding and a prating;
Of their blood *borrowing* and *lending*,
And all the ancients wiſdom mending;

Perhaps ye'll hear another time,
When I want money and get rhyme.
I have no leiſure for it now;
Let it ſuffice, to tell you how,
That going homewards, near to Highgate,
His muſe had on her ſuch a gay foot,
That ſeeing London flee his view,
He ſtands, and bids it thus—Adieu.

FROM hard calamities of wars,
And ruins caus'd by fire,
A noble work thou doſt ariſe,
Like Phœnix from its fire.
How ſtately buildings thee adorn,
And tow'rs which ſmite the ſky,
Whoſe bells do by their melody
Apollo's harp outvie.
More famous, ſkilful artiſans,
The world never had;
Thy merchants worth nobilitates
The wealth he gets by trade.
Thy biſhops zeal and piety
Up through the heavens doth flee;
Thy magiſtrates who thee govern
Might Roman conſuls be.
Immortal Virtue's eloquence,
And deep inſight of mind;

Thy muſes thoſe of *Pallas* town
Are not a jot behind.
And as the ſun unto the world
Communicates his light,
So by thy king's reſplendent beams,
Brave Town! thou ſhines ſo bright.
So Rome aroſe, after the Gauls
Had it deſtroy'd by flame,
Till, in the end, the world's bounds
And Rome's did prove the ſame.
London, that path by thee begun,
If thou inſiſt upon,
Strange! if the world's empire and thine
In end prove not the ſame.
But now thy buildings flee my ſight,
Thy tow'rs go out of view,
I bid thee, then, with weeping eyes,
Moſt gen'rous town,—Adieu!

THE SAME IN LATIN.

Post diras belli clades, flammæque ruinas,
e cinere ut Phœnix nobile ſurgis opus.
Quam decorant ædes, ferientes ſidera turres
pulſibus, abjectâ ceſſit Apollo lyrâ.
Artificis clari majore et acumine nuſquam,
mercator meritis nobilitavit opes.
Præſulis inſignis pietas perfregit Olympum,

Conſulibus potuit Roma vetuſta regi;
Moribus, eloquio, mentiſque indagine, muſis
Attica non major docta Camæna tuis.
Ut Phœbus mundum perfundit lumine, regis
ſic ſplendes radiis urbs generoſa tui!
Gallica ſic crevit poſt dira incendia Roma,
tandem idem limes orbis et urbis erat.
Londinum incepto ſi pergas tramite mirum!
imperium fuerit ni orbis et urbis idem.
Nunc ædes viſum fugiunt, ſubſidere turres
aſpicio lacrimans; urbs generoſa,—Vale!

NOTES.

. Chip, *bloſſom.*

Carſes, *low grounds.*

). When ſun left ſith, &c. *When the ſun left and entered Aries.*

:. Ruins of the city · *This was after the fire on.*

)6. Amalthea's horn. *Diodorus Siculus ſays, althea was a goat, ſo called by Jupiter, which e was grown up, he tranſlated into the ſky, to- ith her two kids. He gave one of her horns to hters of Meliſſus King of Crete, for their care- lance upon him when he was young. It had that that whatever they deſired, they ſhould be large- bed withal out of it. That gave riſe to the Cor- of the ancients; and ſtill uſed by our painters as plenty.*

)7. The abbey of St. Lawrence, *in the Eſcuri- lage ſix leagues from Madrid. The church is a ture, adorned with fine pictures, and braſs figures, he grand altar is raiſed upon an aſcent of ſeven- of porphyry, environed with four rows of jaſper and the Pyx for the Hoſt, is valued at 500,000 The palace, monaſtery, and college, were twen-*

ty-five years in building; and the charges came to near 3,130,102*l. Sterling.*

Ver. 109. Graham and Guthry; *two noted ſturdy beggars.*

V. 113. Girdles, *gridirons.*

V. 127. Paſſage ſweer, *coſtiveneſs.*

V. 128. That for the van, theſe for the rear; *the one for vomiting, the other for purging.*

V. 133. Rocks, *diſtaffs.*

V. 135. Elſon and his lingle; *his awl and ſhoemaker's thread.*

V. 146. Squire Meldrum, Bewis, and Adam Bell, *Scots knight-errants.*

V. 166. Midding, *dunghill.*

V. 202. Leeches, *ſurgeons.*

V. 218. Barla-fumble, *a fall.*

V. 252. The tricks of Pepin and Hugh Capet: *The firſt of two races of the kings of France, who had no title by blood to the ſucceſſion; this they ſupplied by their good conduct; but the kings of Scotland have always been of the ſame family.*

V. 295. Dudgeon, *ſword.*

V. 300. John of Duns, *Johannes Scotus, ſo called from the town of Duns in Scotland, the place of his nativity. He was a great ſcholiaſt, and founder of the ſect called the Scotiſts. He is called Doctor Subtilis, becauſe an acute Logician; was well ſkilled in Natural Philoſophy, Metaphyſics, Mathematics, and Aſtronomy. When*

he taught at Oxford, he had 30,000 *ſcholars. He died at Cologne,* 1308.

Ver. 301. Bonaventure. *He was a cardinal, one of the ſchoolmen, and was called the Seraphic Doctor. He died in* 1274.

V. 302. Biel *was born at Spire, in the* 15*th century. He wrote commentaries upon the maſter of the ſentences.*

Ibid. Ockam, *an Engliſhman, a Franciſcan friar, the diſciple of Scotus, was the chief of that party of the ſchoolmen, called Nominals; and was called Doctor Invincibilis. He was an enemy to the Pope's temporal power over princes; for which the learned of Paris excommunicated him.*

Ibid. Aquinas. *He new-modelled the School Divinity; wherefore he was called the Angelic Doctor. He died in* 1274. *In* 1323, *John XXII. canonized him. His works are in thirteen volumes.*

V. 385. Puddings, *bag-puddings.*

V. 403. Thereanent, *therewith.*

V. 483. Pig-man, *a potter.*

V. 493. Bucking, *rutting.*

V. 542. Charged the Duke of Joyeuſe. *That duke was a favourite of Henry III. of France. At Mount St. Cloi he cut in pieces two whole regiments of Proteſtants. He engaged the King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. of France, at Courtras, where the duke's army was routed, and himſelf killed.*

V. 543. Wiſt, *knew.*

... ; and re
praying and preaching.

V. 720. I'll prove those two
objections of Ralph the sectary, ag
and ordination, are from the fi
Hudibras.

V. 733. Bodle, *one-sixth of a*

V. 935. Knipper-dolings: *I*
John of Leyden's prophets at Mu

V. 949. Artemonites. *Here th*
a list of the heresies professed by th
in the time of the rebellion; which
seeing they revived all the errors
were ever known since Christianity
invented new extravagant opinions
count of this is given in Edward's

V. 1049. Crouse, *courageous.*

V. 1214. Batrons, *a cat.*